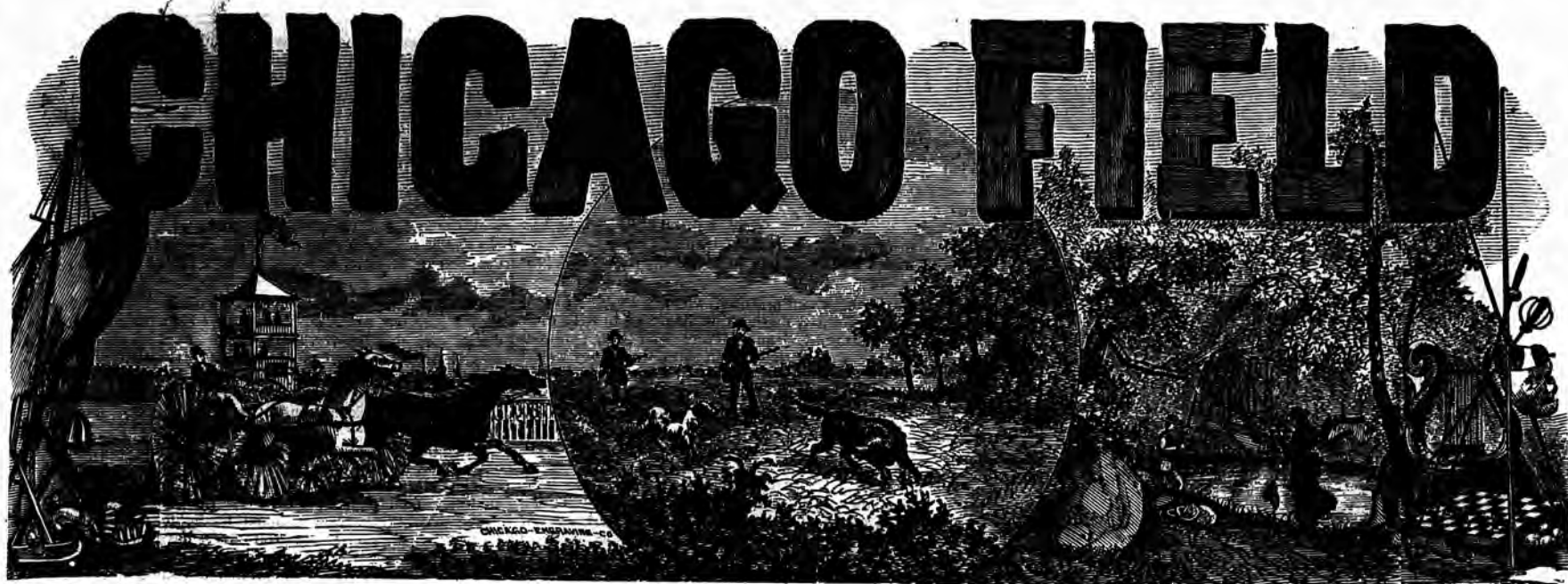




Vol. VIII.--No. 20.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

\$4.00 Per Year.



THE RUFFED GROUSE AND FAMILY.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1878.

National Sportsmen's Association, Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 4.
Michigan State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and game, Battle Creek, February 5 and 6.
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Buffalo, May.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Des Moines, May 28.
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Fremont, May.—
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Quincy, June 11.
Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association.
Ohio State Sportsmen's Association.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association.
New Hampshire State Sportsmen's Association.
Connecticut State Sportsmen's Association.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association.
Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, Nashville, Dec. 2.

[Written expressly for the CHICAGO FIELD.]

BUCK, BEAR AND BUFFALO:

OR,

Hunting from Lakes to Ocean.

BY MNEMOSYNE,

Author of "The One-Armed Trapper," "The Home of the Bear," "The Caribou Hunter," "In Prairie and Woodland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE START.

"The hounds shall make the welkin answer them.
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Now we'll be off. Everything is ready at last, Nimrod be praised, men, dogs, guns, ammunition, tents, wagon and horses," said Dick Thomas, carefully enumerating the various articles gathered in promiscuous confusion and waiting a start.

"And provisions?" questioned Charley Ronalds who was an epicure and never overlooked the means to satisfy the cravings of the inner man.

"Pshaw! If we can't supply ourselves in that line we deserve to starve. Salt pork for savory stews (not neglecting a few onions and a trifle of herbs), and to give the juicy sweetness and delicious crisp-brownness to our fish is all your true hunter ever provides."

"And," suggested Mart Lester, "a wee drop to keep off chills and antidote snake bites."

"Trust you forgetting that!" laughed Dick.

"No," chimed in Charley, "for he is always for getting it."

"And," continued Dick, "if the gods of Olympus were in want of a steward in that line they should have known you, Mart."

"And kept up an unlimited brew," added Charley. "I've heard of dry earth and thirsty sponges and—"

"I never sponged on you. Just wait," answered the victim of the jokes good humoredly, "until some hot day when water can't be found, and then we'll see who are the devotees to Bacchus."

"And, politely request you to back us!" said Dick. "But I don't think we shall suffer as long as Mart has that branch of business under his care. However, as everything is provided, I don't see why we can't start to night."

"I do," from Ronalds.

"Because there are a pair of red lips and bright eyes that are load stones, aye Charley!"

"Well, something of the kind, I confess. Think of the months of travel before us and—"

"The wild buffalo!"

"The wolves!"

"The bears!"

Was chorused by his companions and he finished the enumeration with the crowning horror—

"The red devils of Indians! Just think, if my scalp is to be hung in some dirty wigwam as an old piece of jerked beef, how pleasant the recollection of the parting hour would be."

"Well, I don't intend any of them shall 'jerk' me even out of my boots. But what say you, boys, about waiting?"

"I vote for the petticoats!" shouted Mart. "Woman and wine forever!"

"And both will be the—"

"No matter about any moral reflections. Time enough for that. To-morrow we'll be off to 'beard the lion in his den'—the 'grizzly' in his hall!"

"Then with the lark—"

"And for a lark."

For weeks the trio had been preparing for a "grand hunt"—weeks of the most intense excitement regarding the superiority of guns and dogs—"bores" until they became "bores" and were ready to "choke;" blood until everything around them was "blue;" powder until the air was "sulphurous;" "locks" until there was no "rebound" from the decision, and "nuzzle" and "breach" loaders until their friends declared they had committed many a "breach" of the peace and deserved to be most effectually "muzzled."

But everything was ready at last, save the sweet farewells to individual charms; the fond words; the tender pressure of hands and tender of vows; the lingering gaze into bright eyes; the magnetic circling of slender waists by strong arms; the thrilling of

"Lips, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioners for kisses;
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing love's invasion!"

as to make all for a time forgetful of the pleasure of rod and gun, of horse and hound.

On the morrow early they were up and away—going, they had not decided where—to be gone they knew not how long. Game and pleasure were the things to be sought, and they were content to leave both questions to circumstances.

"We won't see the famous old city again in a hurry, I reckon," said Dick Thomas, as the spires of Chicago began to fade from their eyes and the trees in "Cottage Grove" to cut off observation.

"No," answered Charley Ronalds, "we have (as the sailors say), cleared for the Calumet and a market. But I say, boys, we'll have to make one stop before we go for ducks and more than likely get a ducking."

"Where? Any Andromeda to be rescued or Juno to be won?"

"Not exactly, but at Hop Martine's—one of the 'immortals.' It would never do to pass him without 'smiling.' By the way, I'll tell you a little story of him as we go plodding along. Early last Spring a couple of the boys rode out there, and being thirsty, Hop informed that he could give them a treat—a mint julep—an unheard of luxury so soon after the disappearance of the snow."

"Mint julep!" broke in Lester. "Hush! you make my mouth water. But I say, Charley, don't you think it is cutting it pretty fat to talk of juleps in early Spring? Pshaw!"

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man, mint couldn't be found. You must be dreaming of last night and two lips!"

"Be still, I know what I am talking about. The ground is dry down on the ridge—"

"So is my throat—"

"And vegetation is forward."

"The very thing Kitty told me I was, last night."

"Hop" had found a bed of the fragrant herb—"Yes," whistled Lester, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

"And though it wasn't more than half an inch high he had secured a trifle to regale his particular friends."

"Oh, don't I wish I had been one of them, Charley. But proceed."

"The boys were drinking and praising, when a couple of hom-bres, genus 'Sucker,' species Wabash, came stamping in with their cowhide boots and butternut jean clothes; said they 'wanted somethin' ter take,' and being questioned as to what they would have, pointed to the half-emptied glasses, and 'erloud they'd take er couple of them ar things.'"

"Great Jupiter!" exclaimed Lester, almost jumping out of the wagon, "mint juleps are nectar for the gods, and most of all, a Catawba julep. To think of wasting it thus. It's sacrilege!"

and he sighed heavily.

"Hop" complied with the request. The compound was swallowed with infinite gusto, the glasses filled, emptied, and held out a third time. That was too much—the proverbial feather that crushed the spine of the camel. Mint was as scarce as strawberries in January. But he was equal to the occasion. He winked to the boys, went out, returned with a double handful of 'pusley,' jammed it down into the ice, poured in a liberal supply of corn juice, and handed the glasses over. But somehow his customers didn't seem to relish them quite as well as previously, and one of the Suckers—

"Suckers! By thunder, I never recognized the peculiar significance of the name before," interrupted Lester. "Suckers? Should think they were to drink three juleps."

"One suggested that he hadn't put in any of 'that ar stuff,' pointing to the nutmeg grater."

"Nutmeg in a julep! Infamous!" broke out Lester in disgust.

"All right," answered 'Hop,' though there wasn't such a thing nearer than Chicago, and quietly took up the ice pick, and grated the handle over the delectable compound!"

"And they drank it!"

"Certainly, and praised it, and said 'whenever they came erlong that ar way they'd jest stop and have some more of them ar things.' But here is 'Hop's.'"

"And we'll just hop out and see him. 'Pusley' and the grated handle of an ice pick for nutmeg in a julep is an original idea, and the man deserves to be immortalized."

"And shall be when I'm poet laureate."

"Laura-ate you mean, aye Charley?"

"And if you chance to be the poet you will tell us all about what Katy did?"

"No; I'll be blessed if I do!" and he jumped from the "prairie schooner," blushed scarlet, and pushed his way into the house.

Something as attractive as a newly coined eagle, at least fresh from the mint, kept them much longer than was necessary to from the mint, then they thought dinner was in order, as it would be the last before roughing it for months, and when at last they embarked again the sun was rapidly westerning; and by the time the journey for the day was finished, the tent pitched, and the preparations made for the night, it was too late to go after the ducks that were quacking in thousands in the neighboring sloughs of the Calumet.

"No matter," said Charley, after *quantum suff.* had been devoured, and he lay upon a blanket full length in front of a roaring wood fire, smoking, and pulling the silken ears of a favorite dog.

"We have made one thing to-day, if nothing more."

"What is that?" queried Mart.

"A thing of the greatest importance in all undertakings—the very quintessence of success—the motive power that will move mountains and—"

"What in the name of thunder are you talking about, Charley? Suppose you drop your nonsensical highfalutin and tell us what you are driving at."

"Tell you what we have made?" replied Charley, with an oracular turning up of eyes and bending of head. "Well, we have made—"

and he paused in the most tantalizing manner.

"What?" demanded Mart impatiently.

"A start, my boy, a start!"

CHAPTER II.

BREAKING COVER.

He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon from the uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts; the leaden death
Overtakes him, and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls."

SOMERVILLE.

The situation was new to all. It was the first regular breaking away from the cover of city life, and though hunting was no unfamiliar pastime, yet never before had they indulged in regular camping out and restlessness was the consequence.

"This puts me in mind," said Mart Lester, as he kicked aside the blankets, yawned, stretched himself, and began building a fire, "of old Betty Foy."

"Who in thunder was she, and what did she do?" growled Charley Ronalds, whose sweetest nap was rudely broken into, very much to his annoyance.

"Well, you see we have to do all our own cooking and washing dishes, and all that sort of thing, as well as provide the grub. So did Betty, and as she kept fowls and sold the hen fruit, she put out a sign thusly: 'Fresh eggs laid every day by Betty Foy.'"

"Botheration!"

The laugh that followed soon put all in good humor, and breakfast was dispatched, guns wiped, the camp duties gone through, and the business of the day begun.

"What are we to do?" asked Dick Thomas, who was much less mercurial than his companions.

"Dido et duz," answered Charley, "and why shouldn't we? Now 'calumet' is Indian for pipe—"

"And one well filled with some choice distillation would be very much to the purpose after being 'all night long with a fire-fly lamp' in a veritable Dismal Swamp."

"If you dreamed of such a pipe, my boy, you'll find it end in smoke. But as I was about to say, we are on the Calumet and 'Old Dalton' is its king. He lives but a little distance away, and we can get his boats and save the trouble of unloading our's. You both know him?"

"As if there was a Chicago hunter that didn't. A queer old stick and dry as punk."

"Then it will be dangerous business to call upon him with our limited supply of—"

"I am talking of his manner of speaking, not his corporeal clay, man. And never fear, you'll be wet enough before the day is out. But Dalton is king of the Calumet, rough as a bear, but

hospitable as a woman, loves guns and dogs, and I verily believe that every duck and goose that comes here—"

"In which class do you intend to place us?"

"The latter, of course. Every duck and goose comes to him to know the best place to nest and feed. Anyhow, what de doesn't know about hunting isn't worth knowing, and we must go and see him."

The old man—why are such "connecting links" (*a la* Darwin) between a civilized and semi-nomad life always called "old," even though in the very prime of life and manly vigor!—though busy with the affairs of his farm, extended a genuine western welcome. No one having even the most remote claim to the title of hunter ever found the latch string of his door pulled it, while he heartily detested shams.

"Glad to see you, boys," he said, with a shake of each hand that made them squirm. "Busy? That isn't the name for it. But ducks won't stay forever, and it won't hurt my mules to have something besides post meat for a day. Go with you? Of course I will. Wait until I get my old Queen Ann. Your new fangled shooting irons are all right, I 'pose, but when you want a gun to depend on I'll back my musket every time. Got plenty of powder and shot, and—"

Mart Lester touched his canteen in a significant manner and the eyes of the old man snapped pleasantly as he continued:

"The clear quill, I've no question. But it's always best to sample. Yes!" smacking his lips, "the genuine article. I'm opposed to drinking, but a little as medicine, you know, and I've learned by experience that you never have any luck without it here! (to some of his boys) ball out a couple of boats. No, we won't need dogs—leastwise not now. They're mighty handy after chickens and to bring ducks out of sloughs, but just nuisances in boats. Jump in!"

Dalton, (peace to his ashes) took one boat with Lester for companion, Dick Thomas and Charley Ronalds the other, a minute *bon voyage* was drank and they pushed out into the river, though soon to be separated and hidden by the tall growing reeds—each party determined to out do the other.

There were no such things as "decoys" used in those days upon the Calumet or the other famous ducking ground (to per-petrate a Hibernianism) Mud lake. Game of all kinds was plenty and hunters few. The prairies were alive with chickens and the 'sloos' filled with almost every variety of aquatic fowl, while many deer still lingered in the wood. The infamous 'pot hunter' had not even developed by the greed of gain. Men shot for sport not a living. Chicago was not a great railroad center—

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Dalton went backward overboard, the crank boat dipped, threw Lester out and both had to swim.

"There!" blubbered Mart, as well as he could for a mouth full of dirty water. "Now you have done it!"

"No matter," answered Dalton, "that shot fetched 'em."

"So it did me!"

The splashing and shouting brought the other boat and everything possible having been secured and an abundance of game having already been shot they decided to return.

"The old woman," said Dalton, shaking himself as a great Newfoundland dog, "will have a good fire and we soon be dry."

"That's just what I am already, notwithstanding the water," answered Mart with a comical drawing down of the corners of his mouth, "and my canteen has gone to the bottom."

"Hope it won't disagree with the fishes!" put in Charley, "that would be a scaly proceeding."

"And make some of them think they had taken Pike-ry!" laughed Dick.

"There," added Mart, forced into good humor, "Let that be the fin-ish."

A rousing fire, dry clothes, a 'taste of the crachure,' a glorious dinner and a pipe made the mishap soon forgotten, and to end the day Dalton proposed a still hunt, as deer were said to be plenty.

It was carried unanimously. Torches were prepared, rifles put in order and as soon as night would permit they sallied out "armed and equipped as the law (of deer shooting) directs."

It was a favorable time. Moon and stars were hidden behind thick clouds, the timber was thick and the light could be seen to an unusual distance. Like men who knew the virtue of silence they carefully threaded the forest, with eyes and ears open, and mindful not to disturb branch or tread on dry limbs.

"A clear 'century' that I bring down the first buck," whispered Mart Lester who was a trifle in advance of his companions, with his rifle already cocked. "Who takes the bet? Oh! the Lord!" and he fell back with bristling hair, and pale face and eyes that told of extreme terror!

CHAPTER III.

SHINING EYES.

"The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook."

—SCOTT'S *Lady of the Lake*.

The loud exclamation of the alarmed Lester caused all to instantly fall back, and every gun was made ready against the unknown danger.

"What in the name of thunder did you see?" questioned Dalton, startled out of his usual hunter-like calmness, "a bar or a painter?"

"Think you could smell?" answered Mart, still steadily retreating.

"*Mephitis Americana*!" growled Dick, knowingly, but in utter disgust.

"Phew! a miserable skunk!" snarled Charley.

Dalton laughed long and merrily: He would as soon have thought of stopping for a frog. Mart kept his eyes and nose open, and replied:

"Gentlemen, the odor of the animal's regard is quite too overpowering for me to indulge in a nearer acquaintance."

"Reasoning *a posteriori*!" laughed Dick.

"Why didn't you use your feet and kick him out of the way?" questioned Dalton, whom nothing could turn aside when upon such an expedition.

"Simply because it was too *fetid* for me. Bah! I can taste the scent yet."

"And I wouldn't give a cent for such a woodsman," Dalton replied, without the slightest conception of having made a pun.

"But pass along the flask and we'll try it again."

"And thus," added Charley, "liquor-date the account."

Order was soon restored, though Dalton kept indulging in quiet laughter and broad jokes at the expense of Mart. The flambeau of resinous bark and pitch pine was trimmed and again they started.

"Now," said the old man, "Hist! there isn't anything keener than the ears of a buck, and don't be turned aside again for all the cussed skunks on the Calumet. To think any one should be afraid of them!"

"Any snakes here?" queried Charley, and not without symptoms of alarm.

"Well, yes, some," was the drawled response, with mischief lurking in the keen, grey eyes of Dalton, "plenty on 'em. Part of the way they are so thick you can't see whether you are walking on them or brush!"

"O! Munchausen!" whistled Mart.

Their guide led the way to the destined hunting ground, as the crow flies to its nest at evening or the honey-laden bee to its hive. He had no idea of turning aside for thicket, marsh or water. Game was the thing he was after, and nothing was to be permitted to interfere with his purpose.

"Now, boys," he whispered, "keep your eyes about you. It requires close squinting to kill deer by shining their eyes, and you won't have no time to waste with any fancy sights, I can tell you."

"All right."

The words were bravely spoken. Yet the entire proceeding was new to them. All their knowledge of 'floating deer' and 'shining eyes' came from theory—actual experience they had none. And weirdness of the situation impressed them. The smoke of the pine knots rolled up in black rings; the light turned the great, gaunt arms of the tall trees into ghastly shapes and as it flashed upon a dead and barkless cedar made it stand out in the gloom as a whitened skeleton; the rustling of the wings of the disturbed song birds; the flushing of partridges, the whirring of bats, the distant quacking of ducks, the shrill whistle of loon, the hooting of owl, the far away barking of fox and the mournful howling of their chained dogs came to their ears with hollow cadence and unearthly clearness amid the otherwise profound stillness.

Now and then, too, they could hear the sullen splash of some huge frog, the sliding of turtle from mossy log, the cry of the bittern, and the sharp rustle and vindictive hiss of the scaly reptiles whose home was in the swamp and whose kiss was death, as they wriggled away.

It was indeed a solemn and impressive time and place, but hunter-like they gave little heed to it then, even though it might play many a fantastic freak with their dreams in the future. Deer was their object and venison was to be their profit—if they got any!

Two long and weary miles were travelled, now forcing a way through brush; now splashing half-leg deep through mirey swamp; now 'playing a game of all-fours' (as Mart said) by creeping upon hands and knees, when a semi-open spot was reached upon the side of an 'oak ridge,' and Dalton stopped suddenly, drew up his form, stood rigid as if carved from stone—a veritable statue save for the flashing eyes.

"Hush! hist!" he whispered, enforcing the command with his hand.

Every foot was stayed, every eye and ear strained to the utter-

most, every rifle cocked and resting in the hollow of the left arm. All other feelings were merged in the hope of a successful shot.

"Don't move, but look to the right of the torch," continued the old man talking in the lowest, underbreath tones, and which years of practice had rendered strikingly distinct. "Don't you see a pair of bright eyes looking enquiringly at us, boys?"

An affirmative answer was given.

"Now look sharp. It haint every one that can tell one kind of eyes from another in the dark."

"Keep your torch still," answered Dick Thomas as he raised his rifle and began sighting.

"But if you should make a mistake?" tantalizingly continued the old man. "I've known such things as a boss being shot and that by an old hunter."

"Bosh! The man must have been an ass," growled Dick, thoroughly excited. "Just as if I couldn't tell the head of a deer when it is in plain sight. If (contemptuously) you can't see the horns I can."

"Sure it isn't an old mule? I wouldn't have one of mine killed for anything."

"Mule? The devil just as much!"

"Well, I've heard tell that he did have both huffs and horns. But, my boy—"

"CRACK!"

The sentence was cut in twain by the sharp report of the rifle and the singing of the ball from the weapon of Dick Thomas; there was a fall, a threshing round in the bushes, and snatching the torch from the hand of the strangely idifferent old man, Dick drew his long hunting knife, placed it between his teeth and dashed forward to secure his game, jubilant in the assurance of having brought down the first deer. Stumbling in his haste the torch flew from his hand, but in falling he grasped the tail of his prize and clung to the struggling animal, shouting loudly:

"Hurry up boys for heaven's sake. It is only wounded and may get away."

"Bah! Bah! Bah!" rang out as the blast of a demented trumpet, and before the victim could loose his hold Dick was dragged to the very feet of his companions by a half grown calf!

Then the woods rang with explosions of laughter. Dalton shook as a huge tree when the axe of the woodsman has found its heart and it trembles for its fall; Charley clung to a tree to keep from falling and Mart dropped his gun and rolled over and over in frantic convulsions, shouting:

"Bah! Bah! Veal! Veal!"

The victim of the practical joke (for Dalton knew incipient beef from venison) arose, brushed the mud from his clothes and looking the very personification of sheepishness mumbled forth:

"Any one might have made such a mistake, and I don't see anything to make fools of yourselves about."

"Mistake?" yelled Mart, "Don't you think I know a deer's head when I see it? I know it will kill me."

"Well, I didn't run away from a miserable skunk, anyway!" was the angry retort, "and I can just lick any man who thinks he is smarter than I am!"

"Softly, boys," put in Dalton, "you don't know how much the eyes of a calf look like those of a deer."

"But," persisted Mart, who was only too glad for an opportunity to retaliate. "But the horns? A calf's ears for a buck's horns?"

"Reckon we had better take one all around," suggested Dalton, "and end the matter. There is nothing like a little bald face to cure hurts."

He was the first to put the advice in practice, and save an undercurrent of fun that would bubble up in spite of control, and was as natural to Mart Lester as his breath, comparative quiet was soon again established, and torch and weapons having been secured, the tramp was resumed, yet Dick was very sore in both body and spirit, and whispered confidentially to Charley about Dalton:

"Just look at the old sinner. I believe he knew all the while I was making a — fool of myself, and enjoyed it."

Whether he was right or no would have been impossible to tell from the face of the old man. It was as impenetrable as the Egyptian Sphinx.

Another long wandering without any good result and again Dalton paused and impressed silence and caution:

"Hereabouts, if anywhere we should find the game," he said. "I know the place well. Just beyond that thicket of wild plums is a spring where they come to drink arter being at the salt lick over on the prairie, and then, if the weather is hot and flies and buffer gnats and muskeeters thick, they make for the lake. No, not Michigan, that's a good bit off, but Calumet lake."

"And you think we are sure of getting a shot?" questioned Mart, eager to have still more reason for crowing over Dick.

"Yes, jest as sartin as there is anything in natur. I never missed it yet. But you have to keep shady. And mind you don't kill a doe. Anybody who would kill one of them this time of the year when they mostly have fawn, oughter be shot himself. But bucks are fat. I killed one last week that cut up like a — Hush! Listen!"

If the form of the old man had been without motion when intent upon "selling" Thomas, it was rigid as iron now. His nostrils expanded as those of the noble animal he was seeking—to its destruction; his eyes stood out from the furrowed and weather-bronzed face, and seemed to throw off sparkles as steel at white heat beneath the heavy blows of a hammer; his breath was drawn and manly breast heaved; the veins and cords in his neck swelled and stood out as whip cords; one foot was advanced so as to give firmness to the figure; the lips were pressed in upon the teeth with determination, and had sculptor been seeking a model of the true Western hunter of the olden time he could then and there have been satisfied.

Without another word he motioned Thomas to his side and handed him the flambeau; then to Mart to draw nearer and make ready. Meanwhile, his long-barrelled, heavy rifle was raised—no modern toy, but one which had in it a sufficiency of metal for at least a couple of Creedmoor winners.

There was a pause that was absolutely painful. Each of the trio, who were intent upon winning their Nimrod spurs, could distinctly hear the beating of their own hearts, and their bodies appeared to have suddenly been strung with tens of thousands of extra nerves—to have been insulated with a perfect net-work of susceptible wires, with an enormously charged battery working upon them. Talk of the thrillings of love! They are as nothing to the intensity of emotion of the young hunter when his first buck is about to rise before him!

Aye, the suspense was, always is, painful. With every one of their senses strained to the utmost, they stood listening to the rustling of the leaves and sharp crackling of the branches, to a suspicious whistle and snort and then all was still. What if the game should have scented them—should have discovered them and should turn and disappear even before gladdening their eyes!

They were taking their first lesson in that species of hunting, though crack wing shots at chickens, quails, ducks and snipes, and men who had made for themselves a name behind traps from which the strong-flying wild pigeon cut the air with almost the swiftness and dexterity of a swallow. They were learning a lesson of patience, of restraint, that even while it tried them to the

very soul, would in the hereafter be of infinite service. And well they emulated the example of their tried and true guide. There was no frivolity now—not the ghost of a smile. The most stern trial of life could not have made them more sedate as, with longing gaze and bated breath, they waited the result.

The rattling of leaves upturned by the sharp pointed hoofs, the springing back to their places of branches that had been pushed aside, told of something cunning. The clump of thickly growing bushes concealed it (as one did them with only the torch gleaming above), and presently the magnificent head of a buck rose slowly to view, with his eyes glaring as balls of fire, and his cleanly-cut head and branching horns clearly defined above the leafy covert.

It was a grand, a noble sight, one to have made even the most inveterate hunter, even the half-century seasoned "Deer Slayer," of Cooper, tremble with enthusiasm. A monarch of the forest! A mighty king of his race, stood before them with limbs sinewy and swift enough to have put the most fleet-footed hound to his mettle and tired him in the long race; to have almost quenched his morning thirst with the clear blue waters of Michigan, and cooled his hot and panting sides in the Mississippi at even tide.

With distended nostrils, with tossed up head, and eyes curiously watching the flame that was charming him to his undoing, he stood, worthy of being embalmed upon canvas by the matchless brush of a Landseer—a picture for a painter—a figure of pride, strength, beauty and freedom that was almost without a rival.

"Shoot!" whispered Dalton, in the very lowest possible human accents.

The rifle of Lester was raised; there was a swift, agitated glancing along the deadly tube, a touching of the trigger—but no report, not the semblance of one!

The old man looked quickly at the weapon of his companion, first with disgust and then a slight curious smile broke the sternness of his lips. Still he did not fire.

"Try again," he whispered.

Once more the rifle was raised and sighted, but the result was the same.

Again the old man looked sharply and questioningly. Then he glanced at the buck, saw it was beginning to get uneasy, brought his own weapon to his shoulder, and a bullet cut the midnight air upon its errand of death.

There was a bleat of pain, a dropping of the white flag, a rush, and the animal had disappeared.

"By heavens, you did not touch him! A clean miss!" exclaimed Dick and Charley in a breath, as Dalton stood carefully wiping out and reloading his weapon.

"Never trouble yourselves about that," he replied with a touch of the dignity of mastery. "If you don't find him lying within an hundred yards dead as Andrew Jackson I'll eat the first one you shoot, hoofs, horns, har and all."

The result proved the truth of his words. Not a single drop of blood was to be found where the buck had stood, but the trained eye of the victor easily followed the trail he had taken, and very soon they came upon him lying broadside—the winner of many a race, who had run for the last time—the conquerer in many a battle, who had fought his very last.

"A good shot," said Dalton complacently, after he had drawn knife over the throat. "The bullet reached his brain, and if he hadn't been drawing in his breath he wouldn't have run a foot."

"I don't understand," replied Mart, looking at him with jealous eyes.

"Well, this is the way it is. If you shoot a buck when the wind is going out of his body he can't run hardly any distance at all. But if he happens to be sucking in his breath and has his lungs filled one can't rightly tell where he will stop. I've known them to go a great ways and then fall as dead as a door nail."

"That's sound philosophy," responded Dick Thomas. "But why in the name of thunder didn't you shoot, Mart?"

"Don't know," growled Lester, very much after the fashion of a cross dog who had been robbed of a luscious bone. "There's something the matter with the infernal old gun."

Dalton paused in his work of disemboweling the deer, and glancing up quizzically asked:

"Did you ever hear tell of the 'buck fever'?" That's what was the matter with him, sartin. No man ever shot anything yet by pulling away at an uncocked gun, and that's just what was the matter with him—he forgot it entirely."

A laugh followed. The state of Lester's rifle proved the correctness of the assertion, and "skunk" and "calf" might again have been revived had not Dalton poured oil on the troubled waters with:

"Never mind, my boy. That's nothing. Everybody has it, and their turn will come. The first time I tried to shoot a deer I just stood and looked at him like a great big fool, and forgot I had a gun in my hands, and the next time I tried to shoot it off without cocking, just as you did. Howsomever, I've learned to keep cool, and so will you. We've got the deer anyway—the biggest buck I've set my eyes on in many a day, and fat—jest look at it! Two clean inches on the brisket as I'm a sinner, and —"

"There's no question of that," remarked Lester, but careful to do so under his breath.

The work of preparing the carcass to hang up out of the reach of prowling wolf or dog was speedily accomplished by such skillful hands. But it took more than the strength of one man to properly raise and secure it, for as Dalton knowingly remarked, it would "scale two hundred if a pound."

Then their good luck had to be toasted. There was no getting around it. The first deer and not drunk to would have been an unheard-of omission, even if the long walk and excitement had not produced thirst.

"Here's to the big buck of the Calumet and its noble slayer—to the slayer and the slain! May he—the man and not the buck—live a thousand years and never be hung for treason," said Mart magnanimously.

"Not like the big buck trees-on, you mean," put in Charley.

"And he never shall be with my leaf," added Dick.

"Gentlemen, I bough to your decision," replied Mart.

"And now," said Dalton, who failed to catch the spirit of their remarks, though he did not fail to do justice to the other kind of spirits, "we'll be off and try them another hack. 'Pears to me as if we shall find more deer."

His words were prophetic. A short journey, and he again became statueque. And this time the mark was a plain one. The buck, a twin one it would have been said to the other, stood broadside toward them, with its proudly-carried antlered head turned so as to watch the flaming torch. And it needed no command to fire. Three rifles belched flame and death at the same instant.

"The wind was out of that ar beast," commented the old man with a laugh, "or you've knocked it out. The poor buck didn't stand no sight at all."

"And no 'buck fever' this time?" laughed Mart.

"Well, yes, or you wouldn't have wasted quite so much powder and shot. You'll learn better some day, when your life hangs on er single half ounce of lead."

Too much elated with their success to give any heed to the words, they ran forward, each anxious to claim the fatal shot



THE TIGHT SHELL. (By C. A. ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL, MINN.)



TRYING FOR A DOUBLE. (By C. A. ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL, MINN.)

CHICAGO ENGRAVING CO.

NOTICE.—The CHICAGO FIELD is \$4 a year, \$2 for six months and \$1 for three months—strictly in advance.

The Pot Hunter's Champion Game Killer;

OR,

A LEAF FROM A NEW ZEALANDER'S DIARY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE CHICAGO FIELD BY "WILL-O'-THE-WISE."

I have been some time with these Americans, yet I now only begin to divine the true inwardness of their nature, and find that they differ not much from us or, for the matter of that, from our co-subjects of Great Britain. We have our dances, so have they; we pray and have big feasts, so do they; we have our highly respectable parents with wild young sons, even so have they. In fact, we live very much as they do. The style of life, of course, differs, the same original ideas take different trains of thought, and are switched off into divergent lines of result, but the basis is all the same; the primal impulse is of one source.

Now, as a young sport—nay, I correct myself—as a young sportsman, I have taken more interest in matters pertaining to sport in all its branches, and I find that there is, even in this direction, no exception to the rule of divergent action. Of course, the innate spirit of fair play, that fills the heart of every true sportsman, is to be found in some of these Americans as well as amongst our own tribes, and this spirit has steered my enterprising bark into the harbors of true sport.

I was astonished to find, on taking up the CHICAGO FIELD, the leading, the only real sportsman's paper, that it was conducted very much on the style of our own pre-eminent journal, and that it stood as far above its country congeners and *Forest and Stream* rival as does our own superb *Sportsman's Paper* over all its contemporaries. As I glanced over it, my eyes fell upon the description of a hunt. With a few changes it might have fitted into a space in our own paper, and been not at all out of the way. For instance, it described the young, gay and gallant youth putting on his "boss" hunting coat. "Boss," means best; then what more do we do when we go out on a hunt? The difference is, that the coat these benighted Americans put on is one of strong cotton material covered all over with pockets innumerable, to stow their game in, whilst our best coat is of paint and oil, with which we shine up the "boss" coats that nature supplied us with. Our coats have no "pockets innumerable," but then we do not stow away our game out of sight, but exhibit it to the admiring gaze of all beholders. The gallant American hies him afield to shoot at little birds called quails and prairie-chickens; and here are we his superiors, for our game is that noblest of all—man.

When I talked to one of their hunting chiefs on this point, he said, to hunt men was left to sheriffs, bailiffs, and justices' constables, but that to kill a man was looked upon as being almost as heinous an offense as stealing his pocket-handkerchief, and that one or two old-fashioned judges thought it even more culpable, and that instances were actually on record of a man having been hung for killing a fellow creature. I was astonished at this, and explained that amongst us man-hunting was the sport, and that a successful man-hunter was a most envied fellow, and that he who could show most heads was the champion. "Well," said he, heads are the criterion of sportsmanly execution amongst us, but they must be heads of game." "Just so," I replied, "Men's heads are heads of game with us." With this I spun him a yarn about man-hunting. I repeat it here as near as I can now remember, just to convince myself, in black and white, that I did my descriptive powers justice. But when I came to look at it I am not satisfied, except that it is a sort of homily upon the degeneracy of our customs.

"Jan Pra, one of the noblest young bloods of our tribe, dropped into my boarding place one evening, and after silently discussing stewed shark, garnished with yams he proposed a stroll on the beach.

It was a lovely night, just such an one to expand the soul, and make one feel fit to enjoy any sport. Jan began his conversation in rather an eccentric manner:

"Ain't you sparking old Raki's handsome daughter?" Of course I denied the soft impeachment.

"Come, none of that," he retorted; "I am fly to that little game. Didn't I see you polishing up sections of the backbone of that big shark you killed in the surf last week?"

Of course I acknowledged this, as it was but true.

"Well, I knew the dimensions of those joints pretty well, because it was a darned sight bigger shark than I have yet killed, and when I saw them in a string around Manna Raki's neck—"

"There! then!" said I, "I'll admit I rather fancy that damsel; but what has that to do with our present stroll out here under the starlight?"

"Oh, lots! Now you know that no decent New Zealand girl will think of a fellow without he has at least half a dozen 'heads' drying on the trophy shelf."

"Well."

"Just so. If you want to get old Raki's daughter you have got to quit boarding, set up a one-story—without—basement hut, and have at least half a dozen good male 'heads' to set up house with."

"Just so. But I'm not on the marry yet."

"Oh, it's no use your shaking your head and thinking, she'll take you with less; because she's a stylish girl and expects to begin where her mother left off, and you know old Rake, though quite lame for many years, was a great sport in his young days and secured this number in quicker time than most men could. Game is scarcer now than it used to be. There are so many d—d pot hunters that begin hunting for the foreign market before the season fairly opens that a fellow has to be pretty smart to secure even one good head in a season."

"That's so, Jan."

"Well, if you want to get Manna" (we have an infernal familiarity way of talking about a girl by her given name), "you must just brace up, get into good working order and look sharp, so as to get out the moment the season opens. I felt inclined to steal out a day or two ahead and 'get the cream'; but that's too all-fired like those amateur pot hunters from the city, over there at Lovooloo, and a trick I could not quite get down to."

"I should think not, Jan! A fellow like you—President of the Maori Sporting Club—would be a pretty sight out before the first of the hunter's moon!"

"Yes, Benl, you are right there, it's a meaner game than sneak thieving; but I banished the hideous thought from my brain and so came to have this talk with you."

"Are you sparking, too, Jan?"

"Well! I don't care who knows it—I am."

"Ha! Ha! Thought so; she's a nice little girl, too."

"Never mind her now. I'll tell you all about it by-and-by. The question now is—Are your attentions towards Manna strictly honorable?" He clenched his fist. "Come, you know what I mean."

"Go on."

"Very well; I have only three 'heads' to show and must have eight at least to lay at the feet of Trua and claim her as my own."

"All right, Jan; go in and win."

"Yes; but what will you do. Don't you mean business? Are you only keeping company? I can tell you she thinks your attentions serious."

"And they are; I mean to make her mine."

"And you can't till you leave those heads. If she's really dead

nuts on you she may take you with five or even four. But none less. So you must just get up and get those heads."

I was rather off my mettle, and felt hipped, so I told Jan I would give him an answer in a couple of days, and left him. Instinct, habit, love, what you will, directed my footsteps past old Raki's house, and there was my idol leaning on the garden gate, and gazing into the star-lit heavens. Softly I stole along the hedge and had my arm around her waist before she knew it—at least I thought so, but as she said, "come, Benl, don't be so free—father may see you." I suppose her spirit had been communing with mine and she had watched my approach out of the corner of her "off" eye—though I can swear that the "nigh" one was earnestly bent upon the study of astronomy.

But a fellow can never get the hang of those dear girls. Well, the upshot of that little hug was, that I determined to go into a severe course of training, set up a dummy-head, and have some practice with my club at the most approved strokes.

But here I was interrupted by the entrance of a hang-dog looking fellow, with a little box under his arm.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he, "I'm canvassing for the Pot-hunter's Champion Game Killer," and with this he popped out a little model from his box, and began to expatiate on its merits. Unconsciously the man rattled off his learned lesson, unmindful of the darkening countenance of the chief, till the storm burst upon him.

"Shade of St. Hubert!" he thundered, "is it come to this. Can not they kill the game off quick enough but they must invent such an infernal machine as this. You villainous emissary of South Water street law-breakers, you are a goner," and with that he jammed him up into a corner, and never ceased shaking till a lifeless, inert mass fell to the floor.

"Really," said he, "I must apologize for my unseemly violence; but such an infernal machine!!!"

A Novel Match.

At a recent meeting of the St. Louis Gun Club a match was made between the members of the club for a shooting match on quails, the losing party to pay for a supper. Messrs. Pierce and Dabney Carr were chosen captains, and the following teams were made up:

CAPT. PIERCE'S TEAM.

Messrs. Clark, Vimont, Morton, Rinkle, E. Walsh, Wherry, Bissell, Henry Plant, N. S. Chouteau, Sedam, Capelle, Johnson, Christy, Dodd, Thomas, Clements, J. B. C. Lucas, C. H. Turner, Krum, Mook, McManus, Hunt, Greeley, Budd, Douglass, Lademann, Voorhes and W. H. Wadsworth.

CAPT. CARR'S TEAM.

Messrs. Jos. Lucas, Card, Carter, R. E. Carr, Bailey, Brown, Blanke, Kennett, Rankin, Cole, Thornton, E. C. Sterling, Hayden, Benecke, Noble, Leslie, Carson, Munson, Wiggins, R. S. Carr, Wilson, Burnham, Scott, Albright, Hopkins, J. Walsh, Garrison, Newby, and J. K. Clark.

The terms of the match were as follows: "The match is for a supper to be given by the side killing the smaller number of quails to the side who kill the largest number of quails."

"Gentlemen who participate in the hunt must make returns to the captains, in care of the club secretary, Wm. A. Albright, on or before Monday, Dec. 17, at 8 P. M., by filling out the following blank:

"I killed with a shot-gun, and bagged on Saturday, Dec. 15, ... quails. I further state that I killed the said number of quails in a sportsman-like manner."

"The returns as above to be opened at 3 P. M. on Dec. 17, at office of Wm. A. Albright, 209 North Fourth street, at which time each member is invited to be present. Arrangements will be made at once thereafter by the losing side for the supper, and each member will receive notice of time and place."

Saturday was the day selected. No restrictions were placed on the members of the teams as to locality, but each was allowed to go where he thought he could bag the most birds. Some went so far away that they could not make their returns on Monday so that the correct score could not be obtained until the next day, Tuesday.

When the returns were all opened, the score stood.

Capt. Carr's team, 11 men 231
Capt. Pierce's team, 11 men 195

Carr's team won by 36

Average of Carr's team, 21.

Average of Pierce's team, 17.6.

The smallest number of birds killed by any contestant was 5, and the greatest number 45. Mr. Robt. E. Carr, president of the Kansas Pacific R. R., made the score of 45.

Capt. Pierce's team having made the smallest score, paid for the supper, which was given on Saturday evening last at the Lindell Hotel.

BELLEVILLE NOTES.—Belleville, Ill., Dec. 20, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I must plead dullness in sporting news as my excuse for not giving items of interest to your readers from this city. That portion of our game law prohibiting non-residents from shipping or removing game out of the State, is creating considerable excitement among the scores of St. Louis sportsmen, who daily swarm in large numbers across the great bridge to do slaughter among the innocents on this side. Chief of Police Walsh, of East Louis, has done yeoman service in checking this wholesale migration, which, by the way, takes place mostly on Sundays.

Judge Snyder, of the third judicial circuit of this State, himself an enthusiastic sportsman (though more a lover of the rod than gun), has highly complimented this worthy officer for his zeal in enforcing our game law.

Numerous arrests have been made, and parties fined for violations. The sportsmen of St. Louis have lately made up a purse to test the constitutionality of the law, and a test case has been taken up to the Supreme Court. Nothing will prevent Chief Walsh from seeing the statute enforced to the very letter, as Mike is a thorough sportsman and a crack shot.

Quails were never known to be as plentiful as they are this fall. While out for a shoot one day last week, your correspondent was fortunate enough to find five covies of the birds in a tract of open timber containing about 40 acres. Let it be stated that there are still a bird or two of them left. Very little game is being sold in the market here, the unusual warm weather being unfavorable to keeping it any length of time. Geese were seen flying northward over our city Sunday last. A few ducks still linger along the Okaw river and lakes in that vicinity.

The directors of the Belleville Fishing Club are busy finishing up their club house at their ponds, nine miles west of this city. An addition is to be built, whitewashing, papering and painting to be done, and everything to be put in order. Mr. John Horack is to have charge of the "cuisine" and will take possession on the opening of Spring. This will attract scores of visitors to the ponds next Spring, as a more delightful place for pic-nics, pleasure excursions, etc., cannot be found in this neighborhood. Mr. Horack has gained quite a reputation as a first-class caterer, and

will be fully prepared to minister to the wants of the hungry and thirsty.

[We commend Chief of Police Walsh for enforcing the law, as with ex-President Grant—we believe it was he—we think the best way to get a repeal of an obnoxious law is to enforce it. The bill sent to the legislature had a clause which prohibited the shipping of game out of the State, which was intended to operate against the hordes of market shooters which Spring and Fall have heretofore overrun the State, and not against sportsmen who come into the State to shoot legitimately and not to devastate and destroy. In place of the original bill a miserable affair was substituted, with this clause, which operates against a class of men the original bill did not intend should be brought under its provisions. We are glad to hear that Chief Walsh is a good sportsman, and trust he sees that the law in all its other provisions is rigidly enforced.—Ed.]

A TRAMP WITH SUE, DASH AND LIVY.—Washington, D. C., Dec. 21, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—One pleasant day last week, F. B. Farnsworth, with Livy, A. N. Marr, with Dash, and your humble servant, with Sue, had a very respectable (?) tramp after some few birds around the city. Dash and Sue are natives, and Livy is a very blue blood, and the dogs behaved as well as we could have asked. Livy has not been hunted much on quails, but she knew what the smell of game was and made a very good point on the first bevy, and a number of others on single birds.

We did not find game in any unusual abundance, but the few covies we did find gave us some very nice sport. I have not yet learned the rule of "coolness and deliberation" when I go to shoot, and the result is that more birds get away than are brought to bag. I am a firm believer in this rule, and while I have instructed others, I have not followed my own teachings in all cases. When I do, the result is a full bag and not so many misses.

After scoring a few birds out of the first covey we hunted another, which the dogs in their eagerness flushed and they flew into a very wet swamp. The dogs soon took the trail of the birds, which were running, and we followed them into the bushes. We had a rise and all fired; result, one down and the others may be going yet for all our power to stop them. At this point I spoiled my chances to lead the score by making four clean misses at as many birds. I always go out with the resolution to be as calm as a Summer's day, and the very first bird sends my gun to the shoulder before he has hardly cleared the ground.

We declined to follow this bevy further into the water and sought new fields.

At the extreme end of a large stubble field Sue found a good bevy; Dash backed finely, while Livy, forgetting entirely her royal ancestors, ran in and made her first flush. Her master rated her and brought back to her mind her teachings across the water.

While we did not kill a large bag of game we had a pleasant day and a good chance to blow out of our lungs the heated air of the office, and also had the pleasure of seeing three really good dogs do work in a manner to please the most exacting. Of Livy, too much cannot be said. All she wants is a chance to show off, and the perfection of a pure breed then shows itself. Her speed is wonderful, and her staying powers are second to none. Our natives were good field performers, but the question came into my mind more than once, can they perpetuate themselves!

We are having the most glorious Indian Summer, and, being near Christmas, the city is very lively.

Next week Livy's owner and I are going to wind up the season by a trot to Pope's creek, and hope to have a heavy load to bring home. JACK SNIFE.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Mr. P. J. Lauber, one of our most noted Philadelphia restaurateurs, is again in trouble, this time for having in his possession "speckled trout" out of season. The Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club has found him the second time this season with unlawful game in his saloon. You may remember, our society fined him early in the Autumn for selling quails on toast. Mr. Lauber has appealed.

The baby show here, run by Mr. Meade, of theatrical fame, and Mr. Lorrell, the second in command at the late Philadelphia dog show, has ended disastrously, the mothers having risen in arms against the management for non-payment of prizes. All who know the "true inwardness" and the facts that are daily developing themselves, are heartily in favor of you for taking the grounds you did against our "Grand National," and if your readers will refer to the New York Times of Dec. 11, they will find the same clique of Boston showmen made a failure of their baby show at Gotham. Names will be mentioned in the article I refer to that were likewise printed as connected in the late Philadelphia "grand national."

Philadelphia Co. bids fair to be a grand center for the breeding of hounds. I learn that Mr. Yerkes at Paoli is making preparations for the enlargement of his kennel; already he has had several good runs with his pack. Our mutual friend Mr. Landenberger will have a private pack for the entertainment of his friends, and as his dogs are from the Yerkes kennel plenty of sport is promised when his hounds are in running order. Good staunch fox-hounds can be found in Philadelphia Co. of the best blood. A bench show here will be well represented by the several packs, and the competition will be great.

I have sent you to-day a report of the match lately shot between Gen. E. Burd Grubb, of our club, and Mr. Howard S. Jaffray, of New York. The shooting was very fine under the English rules, and Grubb's victory was a grand one. HOMO.

A CHALLENGE TO THE U. M. C. Co.—St. Louis, Dec. 21.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The following communication was received to-day:

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 31, 1877.

JNO. W. MUNSON, Sec'y St. Louis Bench Show and Sportsmen's Association:—Dear Sir:—The St. Louis Patent Shell Manufacturing Co. propose to offer a special prize of \$100, provided the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. of Bridgeport, Conn., will offer a like amount, for the paper shell of American manufacture which will make the best penetration and withstand moisture the best. The test to be made by a committee to be appointed by the Directors of the St. Louis Bench Show and Sportsmen's Association under such rules and terms as said committee shall elect. Should the U. M. C. Co. above named decline, we will give \$100 as a special prize for the above purpose. The shells to be tested shall in either case be taken from stock in store at the time the test is to be made. This restriction is proposed to protect either party to the test from making special shells for the occasion.

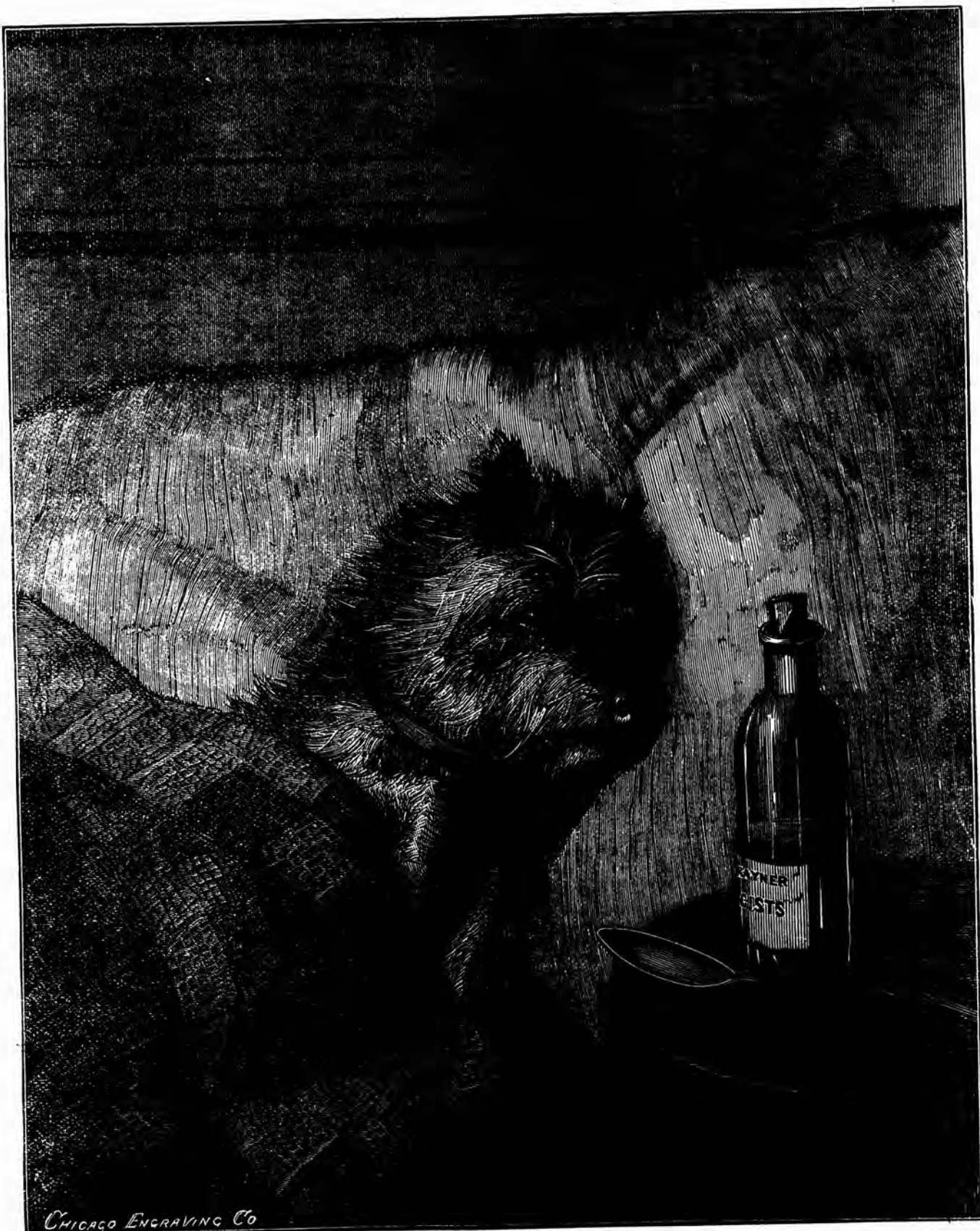
Signed, respectfully, CHAS. L. HUNT, Pres't

St. Louis Patent Shell Man'g Co.

If the U. M. C. Co. notify our Association that they will enter into the contest as above specified, our Board of Directors will appoint the committee at once to take charge of the matter, and have the trial take place at the time of holding our bench show in February next.

J. W. MUNSON, Sec'y.

GEDDY'S LANDING, ARK.—F. H. Bryson writes: "Game is very scarce."



CHICAGO ENGRAVING CO

FEIGNING SICK.



CHICAGO ENGRAVING CO

WHO SAID RATS!

STATEN ISLAND NOTES, ETC.—Port Richmond, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Let me congratulate you upon your good fortune in securing the services of that prince of good fellows and thorough sportsman, Horace Smith, Esq., to take charge of your New York office. Company X, an organization which claims him as one of its founders, waited upon him in a body last week to pay their respects, and found him head over heels in business, and surrounded by a circle of friends and several fine specimens of the setter class.

I am pleased to learn of the growing popularity of your valuable paper with the sportsmen East. I think you deserve the support of all true sportsmen throughout the land, for the bold and unbiased criticisms on all matters appertaining to the dog and gun. You have shown your position to the satisfaction of us all, and I rejoice to know we have one paper among us that is not afraid to speak plainly, friend or foe being treated in the same manner.

During my visit to Virginia I received a paper published in New York, with an account of the Nashville field trials, which I read to several friends one evening. When I arrived home, I was asked if I had read an account of the trials, and I said I had; that Bob sent me the ———. Then you've not read a full account. I told them I guess I had, as I had read it through. Well, said they, you read the *Chicago Field's* account of it, and tell us what you think. I did so; and agreed with them "that it was the only full account published," and I fairly imagined I was in the sport—that I could see the dogs quartering their ground to perfection, roading on the birds, coming to a stiff point, the handlers walking the birds up and the dogs dropping to shot and wing. How I should like to witness a field trial on quails, and if one takes place within two hundred miles of our city I shall be on hand, health permitting, if I am obliged to "hang my watch up at my uncle's."

I would remind your readers that if any of them are visiting New York, they must not fail to call at your branch office and inspect the white quail which was shot by a son of Mr. Theo. Morford, of Newton, N. J.; it is a perfect albino, and will repay anyone for their trouble.

Everything in the way of sporting news is very dull on the Island. The quails have been almost exterminated. I was out last Monday—put up one woodcock, which I bagged, and, notwithstanding the ponds were frozen hard enough to bare for three days, I found him in excellent condition. The weather has turned around warm again, and it feels like Spring; it is one of the most unusual Decembers we have ever known. Ducks are very scarce in both Newark, Princess and New York bays. We have a pigeon shoot Christmas, and will forward you scores. Understand my friend Wilbank, of Toledo, Ohio, has made some large bags of quails this Fall.

RUFFED GROUSE IN ENGLAND.—The introduction of the ruffed grouse in Great Britain is feasible. A gentleman writes to one of our English exchanges, that he turned out two pairs of grown birds he had received from Canada. He watched them close at hand as they came quietly out of the boxes they were in, having scattered some grain about for them to feed upon as they came out; but this they no doubt were tired of on their long journey, and he was surprised to see them, instead, all greedily devour the young shoots of the fern, that were just showing their stems an inch or so above ground. After this they went and quietly dusted themselves at the root of a spruce tree. He looked diligently after them for weeks and months afterwards as they wandered throughout the covert, and tried them often with a little barley and Indian corn, but they appeared not to care about it. They preferred rather the natural food they were picking up to it, thus showing pretty conclusively that these birds can subsist in the English coverts as well as in the backwoods of Canada.

ROCK ISLAND NOTES.—Rock Island, Ill., Dec. 20, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Our new organized gun club held their first annual club hunt, with L. F. Hanson as captain on one side, and Dr. O. Lillier as captain on the other. The shoot was for a game supper, which will take place some time this week at one of our hotels. The result of the day was in favor of Dr. O. Lillier's side.

The hunters were very fortunate in having splendid weather which helped them in bringing home lots of game of every description. All members of the club, forty in number, are prominent men, and much interested in shooting, for which they hold their weekly sweepstakes on every Tuesday, when they try their hands at glass balls, which they represent as very interesting sport. Success to the new organization. A. G.

A JOKE ON SOME MEMPHIANS.—On the day of the night of the occultation of Venus, Mr. P. H. Bryson and Guido, were out shooting. When returning home in the evening, Mr. Bryson, who was driving, was so interested in the occultation that he turned Guido and himself over. For a few moments there was an occultation of the party, and by the time their occultation was over, that of Venus was also. And here is another: A brother-in-law of Dr. Saunders, Mr. McFarland, was out for a day's shooting. Toward evening of a very blank day, while stepping back to pot a covey his dog, Dan, was pointing, he backed into a ditch fifteen feet deep, the noise of which flushed the covey and they escaped without losing a feather.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN ROAD.—Beyond doubt the Great Southern Railroad, running from Louisville to the gulf, is one of the best roads in this country. Few roads are as smooth, which, to the tourist or invalid seeking the genial climate of Florida is no small consideration, together with the additional facts that it is equipped with the best of parlor and sleeping cars, and is the most direct route from New York and Philadelphia via the Pennsylvania Central, passengers go through to New Orleans without change of cars; from Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati the same.

NORBORNE NOTES.—Norborne, Mo., Dec. 19, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I send you the bag of game made Dec. 13, by J. C. Caldwell, Fred. Heisinger and S. Cockrell: 49 mallards, 37 quails, 26 grouse. The quails were bagged between 9 and 11 o'clock P. M., the grouse between 11 P. M. and 3 A. M., mallards between 4 and 5½ A. M., the ducks were bagged on Heisinger lakes, five miles west of Norborne, Mo. We made the following bag to-day, Dec. 18: 25 grouse, 8 ducks, 9 quails.

BUGLE-BILL.

WALL LAKE.—Wall Lake, Iowa, Dec. 20, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I have changed my location from Oskaloosa to this place. This is one of the best hunting grounds that the State affords. During the proper season the lake and marshes are covered with wild fowl, and prairie chickens and quails exist in abundance. W. L. E.

THE MIGRATORY QUAILS.—It is stated that some of the migratory quails imported and turned loose on his farm near Rutland, Vt., by Mr. Everts have been seen near Eagle Bridge, N. Y., and off the coast of North Carolina.

CHARLESTON, ILLS.—J. B. D. writes: "I was out for a day and killed twenty-five quails, one ruffed grouse, one squirrel and three rabbits."

Hunting.

The Queen's County (L. I.) Hunt.

Although the morning threatened snow and was raw and cold the weather cleared up finely about the middle of the forenoon, so that the riders in the Queens County Hunt had another good opportunity for a run with the dogs. Contrary to expectations the field was a small one, there being less than a dozen of the regular members in the saddle, and not a lady appeared on horseback. This unlooked-for result may be attributed partly to the unpromising condition of the morning and partly to the absence of some familiar faces whose owners used to make the woods re-echo to their "Tally ho!" some twelve or fifteen of the well-to-do farmers' sons and young men about the neighborhood appeared mounted on stout cobs at the rendezvous, which had been fixed for one o'clock, in Westbury.

The few gentlemen who went out from New York, reached Garden City at half-past eleven and had a good hour to get their hunters saddled and don the "leathers." An easy trot soon took the party to Westbury, some five miles to the east of Garden City. While entering Westbury a dark shadow in the shape of a funeral crossed the path of the cavalcade and wended its solemn way into the cemetery just at hand, and the horsemen pushed along as though the two extremes of healthful enjoyment and grim death had not met there.

The master of the hunt and the dogs were at Westbury, waiting for the party from Garden City. A number of buggies, filled by farmers, and their wives and daughters, enlivened the scene before the start and attested the interest which these people are beginning to take in fox hunting. At last the signal was given, and away dashed the field after the dogs, down the road, going north from Westbury toward the cover, near Rushmore's farm. The dogs were glad to escape from their couplings, and nosed the air while they mouthed their deep notes that are so welcome to the hunter's ear. Suddenly they turned into a field toward the left and reached the first cover where the drag began. They were not long in getting on the scent, and ran beautifully together over the fields, still holding toward the north. Excepting the fences the country was good, it being rolling, and the ground hard. Away rushed the horsemen—the pink coats leading—well settled in their saddles, heels down, elbows and toes in, leaning forward moderately; backs of the hands up; wrists curved outward and heads erect. It was a pretty sight to see the bright hunting costumes contrasting with the mellow and gray of the landscape as their wearers skimmed along the fields, taking the fences with reckless boldness. Between the cover where the dogs were first cast loose and Willis' house, on the turnpike, northeast from Westbury, the fox (who, being a Virginian, knew nothing of the country) had doubled on his tracks, and the dogs, getting on the wrong scent, were for a time at fault. In consequence of this a good deal of scouring the fields to the rear of Willis' house was done. In about fifteen minutes the dogs got on the scent again, and made a northeasterly run through the fields over a very stiff country, whose formidable, five-railed fences did not stop the keenest of the sportsmen, but kept back quite a number of riders, who either lacked faith in their own horsemanship or the nerve to put it to the test.

The turnpike road was now lined with carriages, extending away for more than half a mile on either side. There could not have been less than one hundred vehicles of all kinds. Besides these knots of people could be seen on the knolls around whose bases the chase was progressing—all of them anxiously watching to see what turn Reynard would take. At this time, too, the field was reinforced by the accession of several well-mounted young farmers who came to participate in the exciting run. With noses to the ground and few of them wandering from the pack the dogs now took a southwardly direction and crossed the turnpike half a mile east from Willis' farm. Here there was an ugly five-railed fence, which the foremost half-dozen riders cleared handsomely, but one young countryman, mounted on a black cob, who had been doing good leaping already, fairly turned a somersault over his horse's head, landing with his nag on the right side of the leap. With cat-like agility he was up in a moment and away again, while a good many riders, following him, determined to stay on the road, and others pulled down a rail or two for their special accommodation. The dogs were now on close scent, and the sport was exciting, the fences being fearfully stiff. The chase rounded toward the southwest, in the direction of Mineola. At one of the worst fences met with the horse of a crimson-coated hunter carried away the top rails, and it and the rider fell on the left shoulder over them. Neither man nor horse, luckily, were hurt, and both resumed their places.

Half way between the turnpike and Mineola, in the fields, Reynard broke cover at last and dogs and men were at once in hot pursuit of him. An excellent run of about a mile and a half, in which some good riding was done, sealed the fox's fate. The poor little animal did his best to distance his pursuers, but being in an unknown country, his proverbial cunning availed him nothing; he was forced into the open at the outskirts of Mineola, and fell a prey to his enemies near a corner of a wheat field, close by the road. Some four or five hunters were in at the death. The brush was awarded to a young countryman, who, besides riding well, exhibited an excellent knowledge of the weak places in the fences along the way. The pads were divided among the horsemen and the head of the fox ornamented for a while the top of a fence picket, before finding its way into the bag of the master of the hounds. From Garden City, round the country to Mineola, a circle of ten or a dozen miles in circumference was traversed. The run after the drag was about three miles, and that after Reynard himself nearly two and a half. The meeting was under the auspices of the farmers around Westbury.—*New York Herald*.

Trap Shooting.

A \$1,000 SHOOTING MATCH.—A pigeon match of 100 birds each came off on Dec. 19, at Andalusia, seventeen miles east of Philadelphia, between General E. Burd Grubb, of Burlington, New Jersey, and Howard S. Jaffray, of New York, for a cup of the value of \$1,000 (\$500 a side). General Grubb proving the winner by killing 78 of his 100, while Mr. Jaffray was only able to score 65.

The conditions of the match were 100 birds, Hurlingham rules to govern, five traps, thirty yards rise, eighty yards boundary, one and a quarter ounces of shot. Mr. Jaffray's gun was made by Purdy, of London, and weighed seven pounds two ounces, and was loaded with three and a half drachms of powder. General Grubb's gun was made by "Kridler, of Philadelphia," and weighed nine pounds and a half and was loaded with five drachms of powder.

Miles Johnson furnished the pigeons, and a finer lot of American birds were never before seen in a match, they being all of a size and color—blue birds. Johnson was the trapper, and the retrieving for both gentlemen was done by the red and white setter dog Lear, owned by Mr. Baldwin, of Bridgewater, the latter performing his part most satisfactorily.

The betting on the match was decidedly in favor of General Grubb, 100 to 80 being offered on him on the ground, and the night before, in the club room at Philadelphia, \$1,000 to \$750 was offered, without takers.

Little time was wasted, as at ten minutes after noon Mr. Jaffray went to the scratch and opened the match. He used No. 8 shot in his first barrel and No. 7 in the second, General Grubb using No. 9 in the first barrel and No. 8 in the second. The shooting went on without interruption, until the match was ended, the time taken being exactly three hours, which is the quickest time ever made at 100 birds for each shooter, and which is mainly caused by the rapidity with which the dog retrieved the birds and the freedom from complaints or wrangles on the part of the gentlemen engaged which is so common when professionals shoot. Mr. Jaffray soon took the lead, which he held until the tenth bird, but then it was discovered that he had been shooting with dirty ammunition, and his gun was badly fouled. He had no one but his in-experienced servant man to attend to him, which gave General Grubb a decided advantage over him by having the services of the champion, Bogardus, who took great care of his interests and gave advice when needed. Mr. Jaffray was not in good "form," as he had been suffering from chills and fever for some time past and had not taken the necessary practice that he should have had to ascertain what kind of ammunition he was to use in the match. After his defeat, which he took very philosophically, he challenged General Grubb for another match of the same nature, which was accepted, but which will not be shot until fine weather in the Spring.

Mr. Charles M. Lamson acted as referee. The following is the

SCORE.

Grubb		10011	11111	11111	11111	11110	11111	01011	11011	10110	11011
		01011	11111	00110	11110	11110	01111	01011	11111	11111	11001
Jaffray		10111	11010	00101	10000	11010	11111	10101	11001	01001	00101
		11010	11001	11101	10011	11111	11111	11001	11001	11111	—65.

The Audubon Club Shoot.

A more disagreeable day could not have been ordered than Christmas day was. The wind was high and bleak, which, with the drizzling rain, the saturated ground and the damp atmosphere, made the shooting anything but pleasant. The wind was blowing from the traps and the birds, furnished by Tom Staggs, were clippers, which made the scores low; especially was this the case in the Diamond Badge shoot, the distance of which was thirty yards; the second barrel was of no use, as the smoke from the first hung so long as to completely obscure the bird after being shot at.

DEXTER PARK, Dec. 25.—Shoot for 4 prizes: \$5 entrance; 25 yards rise; Audubon Club rules.

S. H. Turrill		11111	11110	—9	H. F. Neidhardt		10111	11101	—8
Chas. Kern		11011	11110	—8	C. E. Felton		10001	01011	—8
Abbe Kleinman		11110	11011	—7	T. Staggs		11111	00110	—7
W. T. Johnson		11011	01101	—7	C. Morris		11100	10100	—6
F. C. Wilson		11001	11110	—6	C. Green		11100	00110	—5
Greene Smith		01001	01110	—5					

S. Turrill took first prize.

Ties on 8 at 31 yards.

Kern.....1000—1 | Neidhardt.....11011—3

Neidhardt second prize.

Ties on 7 at 31 yards.

Felton.....1000—1 | Staggs.....01110—2

Kleinman.....000—0 | Johnson.....11110—4

Johnson third prize.

Ties on 6 at 31 yards.

Wilson.....11101—4 | Morris.....10110—3

Wilson fourth prize.

Morris fourth prize.

SAME DAY.—Diamond Badge match from 5 ground traps, 30 yards rise.

S. H. Turrill		11110	11101	—10	W. T. Johnson		00111	01111	—9
C. Morris		11110	11110	—8	C. Smale		10001	01011	—8
E. Price		10111	10101	—7	Greene Smith		11110	10110	—7
J. J. Gillespie		10110	01101	—6	F. C. Wilson		10110	10010	—6
T. Staggs		10110	00111	—6	C. Kern		00100	10010	—4
Dr. N. Rowe		00101	01101	—3	F. P. Taylor		10100	11100	—3
C. Felton		00101	01101	—3					

Turrill wins badge.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes; \$15 to first, \$10 to second, \$6 to third; 25 yards rise.

W. T. Johnson		11111	—5	A. Kleinman		11110	—4
J. J. Gillespie		10110	—3	G. Smith		10010	—2
Musher		11100	—2	T. Staggs		11110	—4
C. Kern		11110	—4	Wiggins		10101	—3
Willard		11111	—5	G. Beaumont		10001	—2
C. Morris		11111	—5	J. Thompson		00100	—1
H. F. Neidhardt		00110	—2	Noble		01000	—1
S. H. Turrill		11110	—4	Pestana		10110	—3

Ties on 5 divided.

Ties on 4, at 31 yards.

Kleinman.....101—2 | Staggs.....101—2

Kern.....010—1 | Turrill.....110—2

Second tie.

Kleinman.....100—1 | Staggs.....001—1

Turrill.....101—2

S. H. Turrill won second. Third money divided.

QUINCY, ILL., Dec. 20, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The Gem City Shooting Club had a shoot at Singleton Park, Monday the 17th inst., for the gold medal of their club. The following is the score:

Moening		11111	10111	—9	Metzer		11010	00100	—4
Snoos		10110	01111	—9	Wurtz		11011	11111	—9
Mills		10101	10000	—5					

Ties on nine, first miss out.

Moening.....1—1 | Wurtz.....0—0

Moening winning the medal.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes; \$2 entrance.

Moening		11111	—5	Miller		11101	—4
Snoos		01011	—3	Metzer		11110	—4

Moening, first money; no second.

Next match was for the birds, three pair double rises, between three well-known sports of the Quincy Shooting Club.

Haworth.....11 10 10—4 | Crawford.....10 11 11—5

Lanoix.....11 11 11—6

The day's sport ended with this. Tame birds, good weather.

DOUBLEYOU.

PEKIN, ILL.—The Pekin, Ill. Shooting Club had a shooting match on the 14th inst. at glass balls, 18 yard rise, Bogardus rules governing.

The following is the

SCORE.

Isaac Cheek		00011	11111	11111	11111	01110	11111	11101	10111
		10001	—40.						
H. Cook		11100	00001	11011	10100	10101	11011	01011	00111
		00001	—26.						

Second match.

J. Ramsey		00110	10110	—10					
Haines, Jr.		01111	01111	—11					
W. Crane		10111	01011	—11					
L. Ray		00100	01011	11010	—7				

C.

DES MOINES, Dec. 20.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Our third tri-ennial contest for the champion gold badge took place on Thursday the 13th.

Fred. Vincent is now the champion as will be seen by the following

SCORE.

F. Blunt		11001	00110	—5	G. L. Eason		11110	11111	—9
Sam Lowe		11111	11011	—9	Dan Mills		00001	00101	—3
F. D. Booth		11011	10101	—7	W. McCain		11111	01011	—8
S. L. McKisson		00110	10011	—5	F. Vincent		11111	11111	—10
A. Bryan		10100	11011	—6	T. A. Percival		01100	11100	—5
H. Smythe		01001	10001	—4	E. E. Ainsworth		00000	11000	—2

The weather was so unfavorable that only about one half of the members turned out.

MR. GREENE SMITH AND MR. CHAS. E. WILLARD.—A match has been made between Mr. Greene Smith and Mr. Chas. E. Willard for \$100 a side, at 100 wild birds each, ground traps, Hurlingham rules. The date for the match has been definitely settled for Friday the 28; we shall be able to give the result and score in our next issue.

TOURNAMENT AT LONDON, CANADA.—M. J. Glen, Jr., of London, Ont. is getting up a pigeon tournament on a grand scale. Mr. Glen is so favorably known that there is little doubt but that it will be a success.

WILD PIGEONS FOR SALE.—T. Staggs, corner Fullerton and Southport avenues, Northdale, Chicago, has a good lot of wild and tame pigeons for sale.—(Advertisement.)

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—The Kerry Gow combination have held this theatre, and mean to hold it during next week. Their opening evening was to an uncommon good house, and the audience received Mr. Murphy with such cordial enthusiasm that the engagement of this talented young comedian will be, without doubt, a success. To sportsmen Mr. Murphy's acting will be particularly acceptable, when it is known that he is as good a shot and genial a brother of the trigger as he is an actor.

Natural History.

The Herons.

BY COL. A. G. BRACKETT, U. S. ARMY.

Almost every one who has visited the lakes in the mountains, has seen the solitary great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*, Linnaeus) standing on one leg in the marshy ground, watching the surface of the water for snakes, frogs, fish, lizards and insects. It is the very picture of patience and perseverance, and upon its success depends the question whether or not it will be able to secure its breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the case may be. Occasionally it turns its head to one side, curiously looking out upon the crystal surface, in a quaint sort of a way, and anon it strikes hard with its sharp beak and an unfortunate frog is transfixed. It is useless for the frog to kick and squirm now, for it gives it a toss, opens its bill, and the frog disappears from sight. Presently another frog approaches the motionless bird, all unconscious of the fate awaiting him, and, with a sudden motion, the heron transfixes him, and a moment afterward he is in the bird's craw. When it has caught enough to satisfy its appetite, it springs forward, unfolds its broad wings, and with its neck beautifully curved backward, and its long bill resting on the front part of it, quietly sails off across the water, its long legs sticking out behind and crossing each other below the tail. This bird is also known as the great blue crane.

The heron is considered a very wise bird among the Indians, perhaps for the reason that he always attends to his own business, and is industrious in the pursuit of food. Another reason may be his relentless warfare against the snakes, great numbers of them being killed by him. When he spies a snake, it is no use for the reptile to attempt to escape, as his fate is sealed; his long bill darts quickly through his body, and head and body soon disappear down the heron's throat. The heron seems to be forever eating, and still is never fat.

The common heron is remarkably light in proportion to the spread of its wings which frequently measures five feet, while the body of the bird itself does not weigh over three or four pounds. Its bill is very long, being over five inches from point to base; its claws are long, sharp, and the middlemost one toothed like a saw. Of all birds this commits the greatest devastation among fish in the fresh waters, and there is scarcely one, no matter how large it may be, which it will not strike and wound though unable to carry it away. They have been known to eat more than fifty fish a day, one day with another.

Though this bird lives amid pools and marshes, it builds its nest in the trees, and while so doing quite a number of them assemble together, as they seem to love one another's society. The nests are made of sticks, and softly lined inside. In these nests the female lays three or four large eggs of a pale green color. There is no such thing as getting enough for the young ones to eat, and at these times the parents labor diligently in trying to satisfy their appetites. From morning until night they are busy fishing in the ponds and lakes, and carrying whatever they may catch to their young ones, whose cries are heard during the whole day calling loudly for more. They eat the whole time, and a dozen female herons are enough, one would think, to carry away all the fish to be found in a good sized lake. The heron is said to be a long lived bird, Mr. Keysler believing it to live beyond the age of sixty years.

According to Belon, not to know a hawk from a heronshaw (the name for a heron in olden times), was an old adage, which arose when the diversion of heron hawking was in high fashion; it has since been corrupted into the absurd proverb, "not to know a hawk from a handsaw," or as Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:—"I am but mad north—northwest; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw."

Some of the herons are very graceful and elegant, inasmuch that Audubon calls the Louisiana heron (*Demigretta ludoviciana*—Baird), "the lady of the waters." Another, crane or heron called "the Demoiselle de Numidie," found in Algiers, owes its name to its elegant gait, the ornamental plumes of its head, and certain mimic gestures which it makes.

The white heron (*Herodias Egretta*—Gray), is also found in Summer, near the creeks, water courses and ponds of the upland region. Whether this is a distinct variety, or whether it is the same as the blue crane, that has changed its plumage, is not known. Its habits are exactly the same, and it is as fond of food as the other. Its snowy body makes a beautiful appearance amid the green reeds of the marshes, and its croak may frequently be heard in the night.

The difference between the cranes, herons, and bitterns, is not great; and one may easily be taken for the other. They all belong to the same family, and their habits are similar. They are sluggish and lazy in their ways, and dislike to move about from place to place, never doing so unless disturbed, or because it becomes necessary to take care of their young. They have insatiable appetites, and the ease with which they digest their food, always leaves them hungry. They make great havoc among the fish, and one heron will eat as many in a day as would serve to maintain three large families of human beings. Their stomach is a very large sac, but slightly muscular. The species are very numerous in both continents, and can scarcely be distinguished except by differences of plumage, which in fact is no difference at all. We might as well arrange a black and white kitten, by a

gray mother under different species, which all know would be preposterous.

The green heron, (*Butorides Virescens*—Bonaparte), is found in the swamps and fen lands of the mountains, where it lives upon fish, lizards and insects. It is called "Fly-up-the-creek" by the frontier people and has other indelicate names, showing that it is derided and despised by almost every one. It has long legs and neck, a bill two inches and a half in length, and a small body. The head is covered with glossy green feathers, some of which form a crest, and round the eyes there is some white plumage. The neck is purplish chestnut, the body of a metallic, glossy green, and the wings are of a bluish slate color sometimes variegated with different colored spots. It is a handsome bird, notwithstanding the coarse names that have been bestowed upon it; is fearless and self-reliant; and when wounded defends itself as well as it possibly can till the last gasp. It wades about in the water, and is ever on the alert to pick up such fish as may swim near it. The wings are good sized, and it flies in a lazy sort of a way from place to place. The flesh is sometimes eaten, and has a fishy taste that is not relished by the great majority of people. In fact it is a harmless bird, solitary in its habits, not remarkably shy, and in flying along the course of the creeks occasionally makes its way directly in front of the sportsman. The mountaineers pay no sort of attention to it, and let it pursue its course without molestation.

There are several other herons in the United States, which are known as the small blue, Florida, great white, night, snowy, and yellow-crowned.

The white heron is also sometimes known as the great egret and has been found in Kansas. There is a California variety of this bird, but considerably larger, which is met with in the harbor of San Diego, as well as at Indianola in Texas. The reddish egret (*Demigretta Rufa*—Baird), as well as Peale's egret (*Demigretta Pealii*—Baird), are found in Florida and Texas, and are species of herons with handsome, flowing plumage, the feathers often being used for ornamental purposes. It frequents low marshy grounds and subsists on fish, frogs, snakes and lizards.

THE AMERICAN BITTERN.—(*Botaurus lentiginosus*.)

The plumes on the lower part of the back are at a certain period long and attenuated, and were formerly used to decorate the helmets of warriors. Ladies sometimes use them in ornamenting their head dresses, and the Turks and Persians place them in their turbans.

The night heron and yellow-crowned night heron utter hoarse croaking sounds during the night and are found near the sea shore, never, so far as I am informed, visiting the cold regions of the North. The night heron remains concealed during the day time and does not roam abroad until the approach of night when it is heard, and known by its rough, harsh and disagreeable cry. Its head and back are of a steel green color, the wings and tail being of an ashy blue. The yellow-crowned night heron is of a uniform grayish color, the head being of a bluish black. The night heron builds its nest in trees where she lays three or four white eggs. The male is a very beautiful bird, and it is probable that the long plumes of the herons, egrets and bitterns are only worn during the breeding season, and after this is past they disappear until the following year.

This bittern of the order of gallatores or waders is regarded by naturalists as a species of heron. It is also known as the "bog-bull" or "stake driver" on account of the peculiar noise it makes in the marshes. The bittern has a long, straight, and sharp bill, long legs and neck. Its colors are brownish yellow finely mottled and varied with dark brown and brownish red. A broad black stripe of feathers is seen on each side of the neck, starting behind the ear. Stephens has named this bird *Botaurus lentiginosus*. The tail is very short and consists of ten soft feathers. This bittern is about two feet in length and has a spread of wings not much greater. The neck is furnished with a loose plumage or fringe of feathers which it can erect at pleasure. This handsome bird frequents marshy places and the shores of lakes where there is a thick growth of weeds, where it keeps concealed during the day time and hunts lizards, frogs and fish during the dark hours.

The least bittern (*Ardeola Exilis*—Gray), is a much smaller bird, being only thirteen inches in length. The plumage of the head, above, and along the line of the back, is dark, glossy green. The neck bare above and covered with the feathers of the side, the rest of the plumage purplish yellow. The females have light purple feathers on the head and along the throat.

Miscellaneous.

American Sporting Literature.

BY WILL WILDWOOD.

That earliest, raciest, and most time-honored of sporting journals upon this side of the Atlantic, William T. Porter's old *Spirit of the Times* may be quite properly considered the germ of our American sporting literature. The quaint periodical known as the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, it is true, has the honor of being the first regularly published sporting periodical in America, but so circumscribed was its sphere, and so limited its circulation, as compared with the former, that the real origin of the literature, upheld and sustained by genuine field sportsmen, may be traced to the old *Spirit*.

The *American Turf Register*—which, as its name indicates, was intended primarily as a monthly summary of equine pedigrees, turf events, and kindred matters—was established in Boston by J. Skinner, in 1839. Although the magazine devoted some space to the sports of field and stream, this department was so meager and ill-sustained, that it could not fill the wants of the increasing school of field sportsmen. Fox-hunting, which at that time was even more popular than now in the South, especially in the "Old Dominion," was quite fully represented in its pages, and in pure turf matter the magazine was quite *au fait*; yet even in this department it never attained to the greatest excellence and popularity until 1839-44, when it was published and edited by William T. Porter, who made it represent also the interests of the devotees of gun and rod more fully.

When the *Spirit of the Times* was established in New York city, during 1831, having for its primary object the dissemination and encouragement of all out-door sports, the fraternity of sportsmen, throughout the land, at once recognized that a long-felt want was supplied. The early years of this sterling journal were undeniably of the most disheartening character to the editor, for, notwithstanding the literary excellence and ability of the journal,

public opinion was averse to field sports and kindred pastimes, and this dominant sentiment must necessarily be altered ere the fortunes of the paper could be materially improved. The *Spirit* gained strength and popularity as it progressed in years, and through the untiring energy and zeal of its genial editor was crowned with well-merited success.

Its unrivalled corps of contributors, and its reputation for originality, honor, and the cream of current sporting literature has been a matter of comment throughout the civilized world. It may in truth be stated that the popularity of the journal was equalled only by that of its editor, and its coterie of contributors such as may never again, perhaps, be enrolled in the service of a sporting journal. As exemplifying the character of this coterie of writers, it may be mentioned that the *Spirit* had at one time nearly a score of contributors in Congress—thus proving the high social and intellectual status of its correspondents. No sporting journal

of any age or clime, in all probability, ever boasted such a set of brilliant writers as that which rallied to the support of this great sporting weekly in its palmiest days. George Wilkins Kendall, "Frank Forrester," T. B. Thorpe, "J. Cypress, Jr.," Col. Wm. T. Stockton, "N—," of Arkansas; "Hal, a-Dacotah," C. F. Hoffman, Col. Thomas Picton, J. J. Hooper, "Ned Buntline," James Oakes, F. A. Durivage, Mr. Valentine, and others of like ability, formed such a galaxy of real gentlemen sportsmen and thorough sporting writers as could scarce be equalled. The reputation of the old *Spirit* for unbounded wit and humor was nearly as great as that which it attained as a sporting oracle. When, however, William T. Porter severed his connection with the famous old journal, in 1862, its decline was rapid, and the depression in financial matters, caused by the late civil war, cut off much of its patronage, at the South, especially; and finally, in 1865, this great sporting weekly was sold to Col. S. D. Bruce, who began its publication under a new title—the *Turf, Field and Farm*.

The course of this popular sporting journal is well known. Upon fine turf topics, the *Turf, Field and Farm* is decidedly the authority; being not only in the highest degree authentic and deserving of the fullest confidence, but also that its unswerving line of strict impartiality—showing neither fear or favor in the discharge of its duties—it has won for it a most enviable reputation among all turfmen, and thereby placed itself upon a firm and imperishable basis. In the ability of its contributors, as well as in the talents of its editorial corps, the *Turf, Field and Farm* has been particularly noted. The department of turf matters is especially replete with talented contributors, while in the various departments of out-door sports the journal possesses correspondents of celebrity and ability, and is withal, one of the leading journals of its class.

In the interim,—between the time when the old *Spirit* was established in New York city, and the *Turf, Field and Farm* became its successor,—several sporting weeklies were devised in America, and having ran their brief cycle, were discontinued. Among these may be mentioned the *Sporting Rambler*, a spicily, entertaining paper, edited by Francis S. Smith, one of the founders and present proprietors of the *New York Weekly*. This, although a journal of undoubted ability, soon succumbed to the pressure of financial depression.

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Chicago Field.

To the Trade.—News Dealers will be supplied with the CHICAGO FIELD through the Western News Co., to whom all orders should be sent. **Subscription Rates.**—One year, \$4; six months, \$2; three months, \$1; strictly in advance. United States postage free. **All Communications** upon any subject, or for any department, and intended for publication, must be addressed to the Editor of CHICAGO FIELD, accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Communications addressed to the employees in the office will not receive attention in the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD. **The Field Score Blanks**, for reporting Shooting, Turf and Base Ball summaries, will be furnished free of charge on application to the Publishers. **Money** should be sent by Postal Order, Draft on Chicago, or Registered letter, and made payable to

MARSH & CO., Prop'r's, 170 E. Madison St., Chicago.
NEW YORK OFFICE.—No. 33 Park Row, New York City.

N. ROWE, (MOHAWK)..... Editor and Manager.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1877.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To one and all we wish a merry Christmas and happy New Year. Our present number, consisting of twenty-four pages and numerous illustrations, we trust will realize the expectations of our readers.

One of our favorite game birds, the Ruffed Grouse and Family, adorns our front page.

Next among our illustrations come the two grand sportsmen's pictures, *The Tight Shell* and *Trying for a Double*, by Mr. C. A. Zimmerman, of St. Paul, Minn., who is as good a sportsman as he is an artist. *The Tight Shell* we published in June last, but the demands for copies with it having been exhausted, and, moreover, that our readers may have the opportunity of seeing it with its companion picture, *Trying for a Double*, we have in this number reproduced it. Both pictures it is Mr. Zimmerman's intention, at an early day, to chronicle, which will be gratifying to our readers to know. When ready for delivery due notice will be given in these columns.

Feigning Sick, and *Who Said Rats?* are speaking portraits of canine intelligence.

The Pot Hunter's Gun for 1878 represents the murderous individual, propelled by his dogs, with a metraileuse, sweeping over the country, destroying every species of game he comes across; his game basket represents a miscellaneous collection.

Our correspondent, "Junius," the American Bittern, and Lang, the Champion Gordon setter, in the late Birmingham show, complete our collection, which, with the exception of the portrait of "Junius," were engraved for us by the Chicago Engraving Company in their best style.

What the CHICAGO FIELD has been during the last twenty-two months our readers know; its columns attest to it; our subscription list forcibly so. We have spared neither hard, hard labor nor a large expenditure of money to entitle it to be deserving of the support of the sportsmen of America. Their endorsement is evidence that we have not labored in vain. We tender them our grateful thanks, assuring them that in the future, as in the past, nothing will be left undone to keep the CHICAGO FIELD to the front.

JUNIUS.

Among our best correspondents is "Junius," S. J. Bestor, of Hartford, Conn. He is one of our most facile writers and his communications, we have reason to know, are always read with interest. Among the first to contribute to the CHICAGO FIELD after we assumed editorial charge of it was our friend Junius, and ever since he has proved himself one of our warmest and best friends.

Mr. Bestor is a true sportsman in every sense of the word, and an ardent admirer of dogs, horses, and is also a prominent poultry fancier. We hope he will not allow his accredited modesty to work him into any possible displeasure when he finds himself confronted with his portrait when he opens his copy of the CHICAGO FIELD this week. We are indebted for it to the courtesy of the publishers of the *Poultry World*, Hartford, Conn., from which we quote the following:

"The name of S. J. Bestor, of Hartford, Conn., has been frequently quoted in these columns, and in connection with live stock interests and sportsmen's matters for a score or more of years. Mr. Bestor is a native of Massachusetts, and was born in 1832, but for many years has been a citizen of Hartford. His father was a clergyman, and gave his son a liberal English and classical education, and his active and varied experiences have by no means tended to decrease his natural and early-acquired talents in the different positions he has filled in a naturally busy life. As a stock and poultry-fancier, and in the various official and business places Mr. Bestor has occupied, he has seemed quickly to take the lead and to obtain success. He has bred nearly all the leading varieties of domestic fowls and pigeons, and was for some years a prominent exhibitor and almost invariably a premium-taker in the various specialties he adopted. He is equally an admirer and judge of the dog, the horse, and neat stock generally; an expert trout fisherman, and alike the lover of the dog and gun as of the reel and rod. In fact, he is a true sportsman in the just sense of the word, holding frequent communion with the field, the woods and running brook he so much loves. Inheriting somewhat of blue blood himself, he seeks it in his pets, be they what they may. His charming home in the suburbs of the city shows at once his rural tastes and the love of the beautiful. Mr. Bestor is an easy and facile writer, and a frequent contributor to the poultry journals, the local press, and to the prominent newspapers devoted to the interests of the sportsman, while betimes his articles find space in the insurance journals, his contributions meeting with cheerful welcome by the editorial fraternity in the different departments to which he addresses himself. He has a ready adaptation to whatever the subject may be which calls out his peculiar talents, and which accord at all with his tastes; but, being naturally rather modest, he seldom appends his name to his contributions, so that much of credit is lost to him, which, were it otherwise, might make him more of a reputation. Mr. Bestor is also a fluent speaker, a ready debater, and, to quote the expression of a leading member of one of our most prominent societies in recent conversation: 'He is one of the best after-dinner-speakers in the fraternity; for he knows what a good dinner is, how it should be served, and how to talk after it.'

He is a cheerful conversationalist, and, while he is tenacious in his views, he is always clear and terse in expressing them; but never, even in the heat of discussion, departing from the manner of the gentleman.

Mr. Bestor was one of the first presidents of the Connecticut State Poultry Society, to which office he brought signal ability, and it is perhaps no disparagement to his successors and associates to say that he has done as much to elevate and keep up the

poultry interests of the country as any other person. He is a member of the board of directors of the American Poultry Association, and was one of the earliest advocates of a purely American standard of excellence, contributing by his pen and personal presence to the compiling of the earliest editions as well as to the latest and most perfect work. He was one of the original subscribers to the Charter Oak Park Trotting Association, and its secretary for two years. He is an active member of the Hartford Game Club as also in other local organizations. His personal attachments and prejudices are alike strong, but he will not willingly relinquish a friendship once formed; and although he may differ ever so much, or find himself decidedly in a minority, he is quite sure to win his way to the respect, if not to the admiration, of an opponent, and his opinions, written or expressed, always command attention because of his earnest and thorough intelligence in presenting them. And right in this connection we would remark to our readers that wherever you find a true sportsman you will very generally also find that where he is best known, and amid his home surroundings, he excels in other departments of life—in his business or profession.

PERSONAL.—Messrs. E. C. Nichols, of Battle Creek, Mich., and D. C. Sanborn, of Baltimore, Mich., were in Chicago on Sunday last, on their way home from Canal Dover, Ohio, where they had some very fine quail-shooting over Nellie. Count Shorb with Messrs. George D. Saxton, of Canton, Ohio, Robert Estep, of Massillon, Ohio, and George C. Prescott, of Milwaukee, Wis., has had some fine quail-shooting in Ohio. Up to the date of writing the party had killed six hundred quails, seventy-five ruffed grouse and three wild turkeys. Old Jocco, now eleven years old, Shorb writes is as good as ever, standing five days' work in succession, each week. The party will probably remain in camp until the 31st inst., when the open season expires.

THE GAME LAW.—Our readers are familiar with our individual efforts to suppress the illicit traffic in game in this city. We have not said much about it lately, but nevertheless we have not been holding our hands and doing nothing. We wish we could say with success, but unfortunately owing to the imperfections in the Illinois game law, we have met with no better success in our recent raid on the dealers than before. Next week we shall give our attorney's, Mr. L. L. Palmer's letter on the subject and the facts connected with the case. Although beaten again we are not discouraged, but propose to hammer away until we effect some good.

THE BALTIMORE SHOW.—The Baltimore Kennel Club has decided to hold its bench show on April 23, 24, 25 and 26th, 1878. The premium list will soon be announced, and will have some additions to that of the last show. The Baltimore Kennel Club is composed of the cream of Baltimore sportsmen, which is sufficient to guarantee that everything will be done to make it a first-class show in every respect. The last show gave general satisfaction, the credit for which is due to the gentlemen of the Kennel Club who were members of the Maryland Fanciers' Association, under whose auspices it was held.

A CHALLENGE.—We are authorized to state that Nellie, the Field Trial setter-bitch, which won the Puppy and Champion Stakes at Hampton, and divided third with Countess in the Champion Stakes in the Nashville trials, will be matched against any dog, of any age, in America or the world, for a trial on quails, for from \$100 to \$500 a side. This we can assert is a bona fide challenge, and any one wishing to accept it will be promptly met.

DUCKS RETURNING.—The Spring weather we have been having during the last month has caused the ducks to return North. At Tolleston last week several were killed. The warm weather has been ruinous to the game dealers, large quantities having spoiled on their hands. Bond & Ellsworth have notified their agents not to ship any more game to them until the weather gets cold; and other game dealers, it is said, have done the same.

THE ST. LOUIS SHOW.—The entries to this show already leave but little doubt that it will be a grand success. Entries will close February 5. The catalogues will be ready in a day or two. Our readers in the East will be able to obtain them as soon as issued at our New York office, 33 Park Row. By addressing the Secretary, J. W. Munson, St. Louis, they will be sent by mail.

STATE SPORTSMEN'S MEETINGS.—We will be much obliged to the presidents or secretaries of the various State Sportsmen's Associations if they will send us the place and date of the meetings which we have not, so that we can insert them in the Sportsmen's Fictures for 1878.

EXCELSIOR BELT.—Our readers' attention is called to the advertisement of the Excelsior Game and Cartridge Belt invented by A. A. Case and manufactured by Messrs. Case & Bedell, Chetopa, Kansas. For comfort and utility it is the most perfect thing we have seen.

GET UP CLUBS.—Now is the time to get up clubs for the CHICAGO FIELD for 1878. Five copies to one post office address, \$15; single copies, \$4 a year; \$2 for six months; \$1 for three months. Rates to postmasters and agents given on application.

THANKS.—The Cuvier Club, Cincinnati, will accept our thanks for an invitation to their fourth annual reception, on New Year's day, at which, we regret, duties demanding our presence at home prevent us from being present.

SHOOTING INFORMATION.—Our Eastern readers, by calling at our New York office, 33 Park Row, can gain all the information they want relative to points East, West and South where good shooting is to be had.

OUR SERIAL HUNTING STORY.—In this issue we commence our serial hunting story, by Mnemosyne, which increases in interest as the story continues.

AUTHORIZED.—Mr. J. E. Caven, of the *Kansas City Times*, is authorized to receive subscriptions and make contracts for advertisements for us.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—The Pittsburgh, Pa., dog and poultry show will be held from January 17th to 24th.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—At this house the gorgeous pantomime of *Beauty and the Beast* has run very successfully; not even the miserable weather of Christmas eve could check the crowds. There were some very good local hits which made the thing none the less appreciable, and the weather was so warm that the "mosquitoes" seemed very reasonable than otherwise.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE.—Rose Eytinge is at this house playing *Cleopatra* in Shakespeare's great play of *Anthony and Cleopatra*. There isn't much *Anthony* in the performance but lots of *Rose*; but who would want any *Anthony* for such a *Cleopatra*. The ballet and the spectacle are the next in order of excellence to the prima diva.

Kennel.

Kennel Fictures for 1878.

Bench Shows.

St. Louis Bench Show, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22.
The Westminster Kennel Club (New York) Bench Show, Glimore's Garden, May 16, 17, 18 and 19. Dr. W. Seward Webb, Sec'y.
Baltimore Kennel Club's show, Baltimore, Md., April 23, 24, 25 and 26. L. R. Cassard, Sec'y.

Field Trials.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association Field Trials, Nashville Dec. 2. H. C. Pritchett, Sec.

The Best Birds to Break Dogs On.

BY ARNOLD BURGESS.

In deciding this question for ourselves we have ever had in view the mixed shooting met with in a semi-wooded country, where, in the course of a day's work in the Fall, several kinds of game will be brought to bag. In such sections we have quails, snipes, woodcocks and ruffed grouse, all dissimilar in their habits so that a dog, to do good work on all, must be broken in such manner that he will be able to cope with the most wily as well as those less difficult to hunt.

Unquestionably the ruffed grouse is, of all our game, the hardest bird for a dog to point. Occasionally he will lie well. During the bright days of Indian Summer we have shot many that allowed the dog to come within a yard of them; but for one such chance the sportsman will find the season through, no wilder and harder bird to bring down. Very few dogs are capable of first-class work on these birds, and herein, we believe, lies the main-spring of all the prejudice so many writers display against this shooting. Even Frank Forester, though he pays due tribute to the bird when killed, denounces the folly of making him the object of special pursuit. To work ruffed grouse well a dog must have a keen nose, be very slow and cautious on trail, content to make his points at long distances and be under perfect command, as nothing is worse than noise, especially the sound of a human voice. Now, most of this is so directly antagonistic to the slashing, high-headed gallop needed in open shooting, that, as we have said, few dogs are equal to it, simply because few are so broken. Most dogs are put down in the open first, and after they have come to perform fairly well there, are sent into the bush if occasion offers, where their failures disgust the sportsmen, not with the dogs, but the birds, that "won't lie to point." Precisely similar, is the most killing work on woodcocks and quails when the latter are driven into cover, and the dog that gallops in the bush will flush or run over more birds than he will point. We see then the advantage of giving the dog his first field lessons upon grouse since, when proficient upon them he is fitted for all others. Too much attention cannot be given to the preliminary, or what is often called yard breaking, for if this is not perfect before the dog sees his first bird, rest assured double the labor will be incurred, even if it is successful in the end in making a good performer of the pupil. When this training is completed take him into the bush as early in the season as the law will allow, and by using caution on your own part inspire caution on his. Go slow and carefully. never urge the dog when on trail, and be sure to let him stand as long as possible on his first points. Kill the first bird he points and you will do him more good than by many others killed later. Notice every peculiarity of action on the dog's part, his manner of pointing and as you change from one to the other kind of game you will learn to decide from the dog's attitude or some other expression what game he has before him and be prepared accordingly.

But some may ask will not this slow and poking style spoil the dog for open shooting? We reply no. A high-couraged dog is ever ready to go fast enough, and as soon as he finds himself unrestricted in the open, he will resume his bold gallop, and work as freely as if never used to any other pace. If trained in the open pit and allowed to go at such rate, it is almost impossible to bring him down to the more sober style needed in the woodland, for under such circumstances you have to undo what you have already taught him to do. The supposition that setters and pointers are injured by cover work, is the ground of the fancy for Spaniels, but we know of many, very many, dogs that have been broken as we recommend, that can go the pace with any in the open, yet can do better work in the woodlands than any spaniels we have ever seen.

No man who works a dog solely upon one species of game, can enjoy the pleasure of him who in mixed shooting springs before his dog, points several kinds, and who does not see by the indication of his dog's manner, whether a grouse, cock or quail will test his skill and quickness. No dog broken in the open can give such satisfaction and years of experience have convinced us that the above is the better method with grouse, the best bird of all to break dogs upon.

The Story of a Dog.

BY MONT CLARE.

I am going to write the story of a life—only a dog's life. But what of that, since in that canine life of a half-score of years and two, there was more of honesty, faith and affection than in many a human life of three score years and ten. Men write the history of ages gone; they hand down to us from time to time the brave deed and memorable sayings of their fellow men, and they are not unmindful, these historians, to throw in here and there the kindly record of a canine life. Many of the leading novelists of different ages weave into their romances the story of some brave dog, either a defender of life or of property. Who, among us, can ever forget the faithful sagacity displayed by Sir Kenneth's noble hound Roswal, in the tales of the Crusaders, as he bore to earth Conrad, Marquis of Monserrat, traitor to Cœur de Lion. The noble, faithful Roswal, had not forgotten that night upon the mound, beneath the standard of England; neither had he forgotten the traitor who, in the darkness, while a cloud shut out the tell-tale light of the moon, bore away the ensign and left him weltering in his blood; he remembered all this when called upon to protect his master's honor as well as to serve his king, and using the intelligence given him by the same power that gave us faculties above the beasts, he did what man could not—detected and brought to justice the one guilty from out an army. The one who would not feel touched at the reading of such scenes must indeed be callous in heart and head to aught deserving praise.

Yes, men write the lives of men and why should man not write the life of a dog, a dog ever faithful to the trust imposed upon him; a dog, the representative of a race, faithful servants of man alike through poverty and wealth, through success and through misfortune. I shall, therefore, write the story of my dog's life, though there is no romance in it, though it contains no illustrious act of bringing to justice a guilty one, or of saving a human life. It only contains the matter-of-fact, every-day deeds, some of which were at least remarkable for the intelligence displayed, and which in my mind are worthy of record. Perhaps in writing the history of a life it is better to go as far back as possible in

the past so as to show what influence that past might have upon the present. But, alas! I am loath to confess that I can go back not far on the line of the ancestry of my Richard the First, familiarly known as Dick. Dick had no proud title to a lengthy pedigree; he depended not upon a rich ancestral tree, one at least known to us, to prove his worth; Oh, no! Dick was a "self-made" dog "of the times."

A dog shorn of everything save beauty and worth, he proved by his deeds and offspring alone, that he did come from an ancestral tree rich with worthy fruit, and that he possessed enough of their blood undefiled, call it what you may, blue or red, to stamp the generations of his line to come, with the seal of worth. No, the proof of Dick's purity is not in dead ancestors known to fame, but in living descendants. And since Dick was happy with that little honor, and I assure you he was, thrice happy must be the canine that can boast a true line of ancestors and likewise own to a famous list of offsprings.

That the immediate paternal and maternal ancestors of Dick were emigrants from the Emerald Isle there is no doubt; that they were to the manor born I am likewise on the side of the firm believer, but beyond that there hangs a veil I have tried many a time to raise, but always in vain. Whether they were reared in poverty or wealth, whether they worked for the gentleman or poacher, history tells us not, and it matters not, for my word upon it they were faithful to the one they served, whether lord or peasant. Of all this family of the past, Dick was the first one of my acquaintance, the one upon whose merits I first judged his race, and you might say that only one was not much to judge a race by.

Well, it is true that one swallow does not make a Summer, but when that one swallow mated, produces others, Summer has surely come. So much for his ancestors, unknown to fame, like the man who dwelt in Jersey City. And now for Dick himself.

When I first saw Dick, years ago, it was love at first sight. It was one Summer a fternoon, in a neighboring city, and I—disgusted with the heat and dust—was sitting upon the hotel balcony, that Dick, in the vigor of his youth, at race-horse speed dashed down the street and stopped almost beneath me. Beauty has charms for me wherever I find it, and with the exclamation, "By Jove, that's the handsomest setter I ever saw," I rushed down and out upon the street to inspect my stylish, unknown canine. With eager eyes I took in his rare beauty of form, coat and color, and after inquiry found his owner—for Dick was well known in the city where he lived, but I could not induce him to part with the dog at any price. I did, however, gain his promise that if Dick ever left him he should come to me, and in about two years the gallant dog was in my kennel. Dick was truly a remarkable dog in appearance as well as in all other ways. His coat was of a royal color, "In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell divides three-fold, to show the fruit within," and he carried his stars of faith and hope—the one upon his forehead—a white star that only looked the purer from the contrast with the richness of his coloring; the other upon his breast, a white star that at times was almost hidden amid the waving floss-like texture of his frill, a frill golden in the sunlight, auburn in the shade. The fringe and feathering to his dress—never before or since have I seen its equal—was like the color of reddened gold—his eyes were brown, deep and full of love and intelligence. The general beauty of his head, form and coating caused his likeness to be engraved in prints and magazines and cut upon prize cups and vases, and drew forth from "Guido's" eloquent pen the proud title of "the gem of America." His fame spread far and wide, for he had been before the judges' critical eye where beauty reigned supreme and borne away the blue ribbon of victory from other aspirants.

Well, "every dog has his day," and Dick had his, that but was the only way in which he was like other dogs. I have said he was a "self-made" dog, and so he was, an independent, intelligent, affectionate, jealous, airy canine. He was a dog of many parts, and from the time of our first acquaintance was continually presenting new phases to me of his character, for he had a character like any human being, though he knew much better how to sustain it than many an one who walks upright yet leads not a life upright. Dick in his every day relations with the canine world had the peculiar faculty of giving to dogs both of low and high degree a feeling that he was very important, and of intimating to dogs of twice his size that he would be "no chicken in a scrimmage," though how he brought all this about I am at a loss to know. He seldom got to fighting, though his pluck was good; however, I'm inclined to think his discretion was fully the equal of his pluck. Of Dick's early life, and of the deeds performed before he came to me, I shall say nothing, since it would occupy too much room in the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD. Suffice it that his puppyhood and early doghood were not barren of remarkable performances, and that the training of his early days was not forgotten in after life.

It was one day in Spring that Dick first made his appearance in his new home; and his advent was an occasion for great rejoicing. He had not been an inhabitant of my kennel many weeks before he displayed a trait that marked him as a very useful dog. It was the first opening of a spring of knowledge to us that flowed with useful deeds until his death. But to my story, or I shall never get through with the long list of Dick's remarkable adventures.

One morning while staking out a young pear orchard we got short of stakes, and it being quite a distance up to the pile of old pickets from which we brought the ones we had been using, it entered my mind to try and send Dick for some, especially

since he had been with us all the time, loafing around in an easy, indolent sort of way, and enjoying the warm Spring sunshine. I called him up to me and said, "Dick, you go up to that old pile of pickets and bring me down one; come now, be quick about it," at same time pointing to one of the stakes in the ground and waving my hand towards the farm. With a bound the dog left me, and soon returned with a stake. He dropped it at my feet, and looked up in my face as much as to say, "Do you want any more?" I ordered him back for another, and after that he kept us supplied till our work was finished. He did all this with a correct understanding of the necessities of the case. I well re-



Yours Very Truly S. J. Boston

member there was one stake too long for him to get through the narrow gate with, when carrying it crosswise. However, this was not beyond Dick's knowledge of ways and means, and so after trying two or three times to march through the gate, he stepped back and stood still for a minute, seeming to consider the difficulty; then an idea came to him, for he turned his head until the refractory stake from being at a right angle with his body was nearly parallel; and in this way, like a knight with lance full set, he charged the gate with success. His look was proud and his step that of a conqueror as he came to us and dropped the

The boys could not get the cows unless Dick was along, for, mind you he could perform the part of herdsman or shepherd with the best. But it was in haying and harvesting time that Dick was particularly useful, and much better than a boy, because you might place more dependence on him. The men would send him from one part of the field to another with a rake or pitchfork or anything that he could carry which might be needed. He would take an empty pail to the house, wait for it to be filled, and then return with it to the field; and when not employed by the men would perform the part of terrier and hunt the field-mice. In short, what Dick could not do I know not. I have won many

a bet on his good sense and intelligence. I will relate one in particular, since it completely astonished the witnesses, and gained for me the champagne. With a party of bachelor friends, one Summer afternoon, I was lying beneath the shade of the tall elms of our home lawn; Dick was of course near by, when our conversation turned on canine intelligence. I put Dick through a few of his superficial accomplishments, such as jumping over a stick, sitting up, shaking hands, etc., and then said, "That dog can do anything; he can tell one day's paper from another, and I can even now send him into the library for yesterday's paper and he will get it." "The wine you can't," replied a friend. "All right," I said, "give me three chances, and I'll take the bet." The bet was made, and calling Dick to my side I said, "Dick, you go into the library and bring me out yesterday's Boston Journal." He looked into my face for a moment, and then left me to perform his duty. He soon came back bringing a paper, but the wrong one. My friends all laughed and said, "you are beaten," though they praised the dog for what he did. "Not yet," I said, "there are two more trials before Dick and I lose; and look there, gentlemen; no wonder the poor dog didn't get the right one. See, the blinds to the library are closed. Why, it would puzzle one of you to tell the date of a paper in that dark room. 'I'll open the blinds.' I opened them, and sent Dick back, and this time he returned with the right paper. The truth was, that I had sent the dog so many times in days past for the paper, that he knew what I wanted and where to find it. And again I wished for the three trials, since I was confident that not more than three papers were lying within his reach, and one of those the paper of the day before, as I had only just left it to welcome my friends.

I did not explain to them for some time the secret of the dog's success, and so for days they talked of nothing but the dog that could read, though the blinds must be opened for him to do it. The foregoing of Dick's deeds, while perhaps not wonderful—any one in itself—still, are as a whole, not of usual occurrence in a single canine's history.

However, I shall relate one more, and that one the last, which for natural intelligence, and the knowledge of duty, is really remarkable:

One afternoon, in this last Summer, just before dark, and the last Summer in poor Dick's life, a neighbor's flock of turkeys strayed upon our lawn; the boys being told to drive them home, took the ox-whip from the nail where it hung in the barn, and calling Dick, started off behind the flock. Old Dick assisted them in getting the turkeys back to their owner's yards. When they had done this, the boys, meeting a couple of cronies, went off for a frolic and a swim down to the river. They, in their sports, lost and forgot all about the whip, but not so Dick. He seeing they had dropped it, and knowing its importance, after waiting awhile to make sure they had really forgotten it, picked it up and carried it home, left it in the barn under the nail from which they took it; and then, as eager for a frolic as any one, he returned to the boys down by the river.

Now, I don't know to what you can attribute such an act, whether to instinct or reason, and it is not in my province to expatiate upon the subject in this article. I only give facts in a plain, unvarnished sort of way, and will leave it for others to use logic to their heart's content. As Dick was faithful to any trust placed upon him, so he was affectionate, showing his affection in ways sad and glad, in ways that almost start a tear as I recall them.

It was his custom for a long time to come of a morning early to my room, put his cold, moist nose against my face, give me one kiss and then quietly leave me, just as a little brother or sister might do. And I remember well, one time, when about leaving home, for months, how sad Dick looked as he watched my preparations. He knew that it was not a trip for him to take, and so the thought made him sad. When packing up, Dick was in my room watching me with a gaze intent and wistful. Not one could turn for an instant his gaze from me, and finally when my trunk was in the wagon, Dick came up, and putting his forepaws upon my chest, gave me a kiss, and then turned back and sitting down upon the steps watched me out of sight. Tears came not to his eyes, but it was only because they could not—they came to mine, and I wasn't ashamed of them either. If Dick was sad and silent at my departure, he was glad and boisterous at my return. But alas! the grand old dog will never welcome me again, and my tale is now soon told, for one night in Autumn, not long ago, he passed from this life to the happy hunting grounds of canine futurity. The brown, soft eyes once

so full of intelligence and love, are forever closed. The cold, moist nostril, that in life denoted perfect health, will never quiver at the scent of game again, for alas, that coldness now is but the companion of death, and the moisture that is there is but the mold, precursor of sure decay. That beautiful form, once so full of life and activity, now lies low beneath the turf. The Winter snows rest a pure and wide-spreading funeral pall upon his grave, and the Winter winds murmur through the leafless trees his requiem. Yes, the noble faithful dog, that in days gone past re-



LANG, CHAMPION GORDON SETTER, BIRMINGHAM, DEC., 1877.

stake at our feet. Well, Dick was "jack of all trades," and withal a very observant dog. He would go for the papers, would take his ten cents and go to the market for his meat, and would get his dish at feeding times. He would guard your buggy, coat or hat to the death, and if you lost anything while driving or walking, advise Dick and he would go back and find it. When Dick was not in my immediate employ among the coverts or elsewhere he spent the most of his time upon the farm, and a right useful dog he was there, too.

Dog-Whip on the Nashville Field Trials.

I will tell a little joke I had on Whitford which had it not been a little more on myself, I should have enjoyed very much. Paris had a very bad cold, and by the way of taking care of him he was allowed the privilege of sleeping in our room at night before the cheerful coal fire. Whitford rose before me one morning and made the discovery that Paris had eaten his trunk strap, and upbraided me considerably for having such an ill mannered dog, and commenced hunting for his boots to see if they were not gone too; but they were all right. I had a good laugh at the little incident, but on getting up myself and picking up my unmentionables from the bottom of the door where I had laid

Diseases of Dogs—Paralysis.

In those cases of paralysis depending upon injury to the brain, we frequently find the muscles of the face affected. They become wasted, and their flat appearance gives a most marked peculiarity to the dog's countenance. Sometimes the muscles are not much wasted, only paralysed, and then we notice a pendulous

DUKE'S PEDIGREE.—The "Great Consolidated" like its "Country" friend gets terribly muddled on pedigrees. When fish, is the subject the "G. C." is at home, and its neighbor equally so on archery, croquet, hop-scotch, marbles, leap-frog, jack-straws, etc., but when they attempt to go beyond they get into water too deep for them and consequently terribly fuddled. *A pointer with Laverack blood, and a setter claimed to be a pure Laverack, not one, are to their debit.* For the "G. C." we have to score another. In the pedigree of Duke, which it gave in an issue or two since, his sire Bang is given as being out of Belle by Paul Meade's Dash, and both Belle and Paul Meade's Dash by Paul Meade's Dash out of Palmer's Belle. Know "only canine authority" that Palmer had but one Belle, and there was but one Paul Meade's Dash.

HE ENGAGED HIM.—A day or two ago, during the busiest hours of the Secretary of the St. Louis bench show, a German entered his office, and inquired: "Isdis vot vos ter tog show?" "This is the office of the secretary of the dog show," replied Mr. Munson; "What can I do for you?" "Vell, I hears vot you have a pig tog show, and I have a tog vot vos pigger as no oder tog vos; dat tog veighs von hundred and seexty-eight pounds, and dot tog he was seex feet high and tree feet long; vot you tink of dat, heh?" "What?" said the secretary, "one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, six feet high and three feet long?" "Yah; dots vot I says." "You mean," replied Mr. Munson, "six feet long and three feet high." "Yah; yah; dots vot I says. Vell, you engage him?" "Yes, I will engage," said Mr. Munson, producing an entry blank, "if you will pay the entry." "Vell, I pays de entry and prings ter tog to-morrow." "No! No! You pay me now, and bring the dog to the Rink on the 18th of February." "Yah; vell I pays you now, and engage mit you for ter pig tog in ter show;" and much to the Secretary's relief, he departed.

DOG-PIATHS TO SUCCESS.—Such is the title of a practical work, on the method of training dogs for field work from puppy-hood up, by our well-known contributor, Kit Killbird. It will be issued in pamphlet form, and will contain, in addition, an essay on the dog, by Mr. Wm. Hunt, Jr., also a well-known contributor to our columns, and the standard points for judging at shows. Altogether the book will be a valuable one for sportsmen, and well worth the price to be charged for it; 50 cents. It is now in press and will be ready for issue in about two weeks, due notice of which will be given in these columns.

MR. MACDONA'S IRISH SETTER, ROVER.—New York, Dec. 18, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Having just received a catalogue of the last Birmingham dog show, I notice that Mr. Macdonna's Irish setter Rover (the same that was at the late New York dog show) was the winner of the first prize, silver cup presented by

SAVED FROM FRANK.—New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 20, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*: I am very much obliged to you for your statement in your issue of the 8th, that Frank II. is not a pure Laverack. I had heard that such a dog had been imported, and also that he was in my own State in the stud, and I calculated breeding to him under the supposition that he was a pure Laverack. The dog may be a good dog, but it seems to me it is an imposition on the community to put a dog in the stud as belonging to a strain he does not; and as I view it, a man has the same right to get in a stud dog, what he pays for, as in any other commodity which is purchasable. It is lucky for us we have the Argus-eyed CHICAGO FIELD to see these things and nip them in the bud.

MEADVILLE PA. ASSOCIATION.—The Meadville, Dog, Poultry, Pigeon, and Pet Stock Association, will hold their first show on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 29th of Jan., 1878, at Meadville, Pa. Premium lists will be furnished on application to the corresponding secretary. The following are the officers: President, A. McLaren; Vice President, Dr. S. A. Gawer; Corresponding Secretary, W. A. Logan; Recording Secretary, Wm. Craston; Treasurer, J. Worst; Executive Committee, J. W. Babcock, Edgar Hindekoper, Geo. M. Orris, C. H. Blystone, Chas. Colt, M. Minium, and C. McLean.

THE BALTIMORE KENNEL CLUB BENCH SHOW.—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 17, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—The Baltimore bench show of dogs will be held during the month of April, 1878, commencing Tuesday, April 23, and continue the 24, 25 and 26th—four days. The list of premiums will shortly be announced, but will be about as last year, with the addition of the champion and several other classes. The show will be held under the auspices of the "Baltimore Kennel Club."

Yours truly, L. R. CASSARD, Sec'y.

PARIS.—When Paris met with his accident, Mr. Smith was

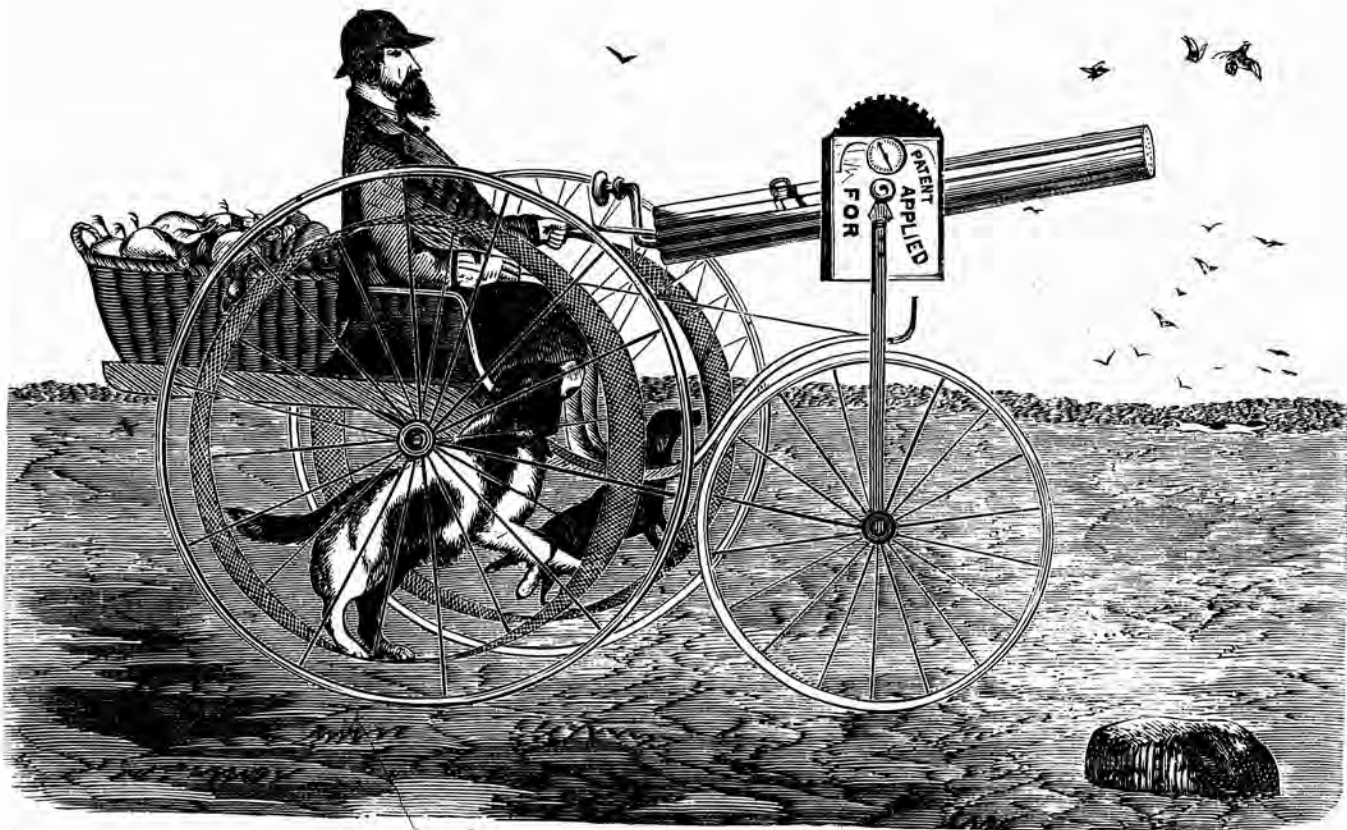
and white pointer dog, by Dilley's Ranger, out of his Queen; whelped July 20, 1877. F. H. ROCKWELL.

DUCK'S LITTER.—Dayton, O., Dec. 20, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I claim the following names for Duck's fourteen puppies by Bob. Nine dogs named—Brandy, Burges, Bogardus, Belfast, Brag, Bobson, Boston, Bandit, and Brougham. And five bitches, —Dayton, Della, Dance, Dizzy and Dottie. E. F. STODDARD.

RIPPLE, ETC.—Exeter, Can., Dec. 19, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I claim the following names: Paris-Pearl bitch, Ripple. For Storm-Mersey dog puppies Baron, orange and white; Monarch, orange and white; Stonehenge, blue belton. Bitches: Beauty, orange and white; Foam, orange and white; Rail, blue belton; Spray, blue belton. FRANK G. SIMPSON.

GLIDE FOR VESTA.—LaSalle, Sept. 21, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I noticed in your last issue in regard to name claimed (Vesta) by myself and Mr. J. C. Higgins. I am very sorry it occurred, but he was himself to blame. When he saw the name Vesta claimed for Vesta by him, he should have had it at once corrected. However, I willingly accept his explanation, and grant him the right, hoping the sportsmen will all try to avoid duplicate names. For my black, white, tan and blue bitch pups by my Field Trial setter Brussels, out of Nash's Nellie, I now claim the name *Glide* instead of Vesta, which I allow to Mr. J. C. Higgins. My pup was whelped Oct. 8, 1877. T. DONOGHUE.

BROOKLAND, ETC.—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 22, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I wish to claim the following names through the columns of your valuable paper for the following puppies: Brookland for black and white ticked and tan dog pup. Kilt for black and white ticked dog puppy. Gem for black and white bitch puppy. Julia for lemon and white bitch puppy. The above are out of my black and blue ticked bitch Vic by A. D. Brown's Dick II. Also the name of Despot for my white dog pup out of Geo. Brown's Fanny by A. D. Brown's Dick II. The latter pup is a full brother to my Bess, winner of Capt. Clay's



THE POT HUNTER'S GUN FOR 1878.

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse for the best setter in the show, and was judged by Mr. Colin G. Ross and the Rev. R. O'Callagan, the last named gentleman, if I mistake not, being his breeder. In the list of his winnings it is stated that he was the winner of the special prize, New York, 1877. As Rover was entered *not for competition*, I cannot understand how he could be a winner. Possibly the gentlemen connected with the Westminster Kennel Club presented Mr. Macdonna with a piece of plate. If such is the case, there is a vast difference in being presented with an article, and winning it. Yours, respectfully, F. R. RYER.

DOGS WHIPPING THEIR TAILS.—Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 17, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Thinking many sportsmen have been sorely troubled like myself with their dogs whipping their tails until the ends were sore and bloody against briars and weeds whilst hunting, I am induced to send a simple remedy that many may have practiced, but of which I have not heard after anxious inquiry. Purchase the best heavy court plaster and cut in strips of half inch wide, and as long as needed; wrap the end of the tail, hold the dog's head to keep him from pulling off the plaster until the plaster is dry. The end of the tail will be perfectly protected. The plaster will remain on all day or longer if required, if kept dry. Should there be dew or frost, wrap again as soon as the cover is dry—it can be done in a minute—this will save your dog much suffering if he has much tail action and the cover is bad. BLUFF CITY.

BAD FOR THE STREET DOGS.—We hear from a correspondent in Constantinople that during a late terrible rain storm in that city, which flooded the streets with roaring torrents, sweeping all things before them, the street dogs, the fourth estate of Stamboul, were swept away and drowned in considerable numbers.

ELCHO III.—Mr. R. S. Greenhill's Elcho III, which he brought over with him when he came with the Irish Rifle Team last Summer, and left with the St. Louis Kennel Club, has had a narrow escape of death from distemper; he is convalescing gradually.

about a mile from his lodgings and the dog had to hop that distance on three legs. He was at heel, and when crossing a stubble Mr. Smith missed him, when, looking behind, he saw the dog on a staunch point. When the birds were flushed, Paris, with his leg dangling by the skin, dropped to wing and looked up at his master's face as if wondering why he did not shoot.

EMPRESS.—Mr. H. S. Zell, of Baltimore, has sold to Mr. Edmund P. Welsh, of York, Penn., Empress, by Carlowitz out of Orphina. Orphina is by Pride of the Border, out of Chas. S. Westcott's Gildersleeve bitch Nellie, since dead. Empress resembles her grandsire, Pride of the Border.

SPRATT'S BISCUITS.—New York, Dec. 22, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I have appointed Messrs. Brown & Hilder, 601 North Fourth street, St. Louis, my agents for the sale of Spratt's Patent London dog biscuits, dog soap and other preparations. F. O. DE LUZE.

CHAMPIONS.—Of the four champion stakes in the Tennessee field trials three of them have been won by Campbell, viz.: (Prichett's) Night, in 1874, Tom, in 1875, and Joe, Jr., in 1877.

PREPARING FOR 1878.—Guido is already preparing for the field trials of 1878, having two of Countess' puppies, and also the same number of Guy's in training, for the event.

A GENEROUS OFFER.—Dr. Jarvis has generously offered to present Guido with one of the future litter of his recently imported Rose, by Elcho.

Names Claimed.

BRECKENRIDGE.—Captain Patrick Henry claims the name of Breckenridge for his Leicester—Dart puppy, presented to him by Mr. Smith.

TOM DE SILVER.—Stoneham, Pa., Dec. 22, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I claim the name of Tom De Silver for my liver

special prize at the Centennial, and also winner of first and special at our show here last January. N. TURNBULL.

MILLO AND PONTO.—Ionia, Mich., Dec. 21, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I wish to claim the names of Millo and Ponto for my black white and tan Gordons, bred by Peter Tremper, of Midland, Mich., and now being broken by him. They were whelped April 1, 1877. They are out of Tremper's black white and tan Gordon bitch, Fan, and Fan out of a very fine black and tan Gordon bitch, Fly, the property of C. W. Mills, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; and Fly is out of Jim Glen's stock of Gordons in Canada. The sire of Millo and Ponto is out of a fine Gordon bitch, black and white imported, and their grand sire was from Tremper's black and white Gordon dog, Ponto. Tremper did not give me the name of the sire of this brace, as you will see. I suppose he overlooked it at the time of his writing. WM. F. WALTON.

Whelps.

FAN II.—Henry Griffith's Fan II has whelped eight, by Champion Rufus.

RUSA.—Mr. Wm. Vie's Rusa has whelped ten, all orange and white, sired by France.

FLY.—Mr. Geo. Mueller's pointer bitch Fly has whelped nine, all dogs, sired by L. Monroe's Shot.

DUCK.—Mr. E. F. Stoddard's recently imported Duck has whelped fourteen, nine dogs and five bitches, sired by Bob.

PEERESS.—Mr. L. H. Smith's Peeress has whelped six, three dogs and three bitches, all lemon and white, sired by Leicester.

FAN.—J. H. Whitman's Fan has whelped nine, in color lemon and white and black and white, three dogs and six bitches, sired by the pure Laverack setter dog Charm.

NELLIE.—Mr. G. H. Goodrich's Nellie, has whelped eleven, sired by Demuth's Dash, eight of which are dogs and three bitches, all marked like sire and dam, black and white, except

two, liver and white. They much resemble her last litter by Knox's Belton.

Sales.

BOB.—Mr. R. Turtle has sold to Mr. J. H. Whitman his Irish water spaniel dog, Bob.

RANGER.—Mr. J. H. Whitman has sold his red Irish setter dog, Ranger, to George S. Fowler, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PICCADILLY.—Mr. E. H. Gillman has sold to Mr. Jno. A. Nichols, Syracuse, his Leicester—Orphina puppy, Piccadilly.

MERSEY.—Mr. F. G. Simpson has sold his Leicester—Dart bitch, Mersey, winner of second prize, London, Canada, bench show, to Mr. L. H. Smith.

GYPSIE.—J. McWhorter, (Canton, Mo.) has sold to W. T. Irwin, (Topeka, Kansas,) his black and tan Gordon bitch Gypsie. She was bred by Dr. Vandersmith, of Lancaster, Pa., out of Jennie, by Tom. They are from Mr. Tilley's stock, said to be the best Gordons in America. Dr. Vandersmith has an offer of \$100 to hunt Jennie against any dog in America on quails. Gypsie has speed and good style, and of medium size. She will be two years old in February, has had one litter of pups by Champion Gordon Rupert, (Jesse Sherwood's, Edina, Mo.,) which are very promising. She will be bred to Rupert again. Her brother won second at last St. Louis show, Rupert getting first.

Visits.

BESS—RAKE.—John Ferguson's Gordon bitch Bess to Burgundthal's Rake.

PEARL—RAKE.—J. H. Whitman's Prairie Ranger bitch Pearl to Burgundthal's Rake.

DAISY—BRUSSELS.—Mr. N. A. Cleveland's setter-bitch Daisy to Mr. T. Donoghue's Brussels.

ROSE—RANGER.—Mr. Suter's Rose, by Champion Rufus, out of Duchess, to Champion Ranger.

RUBY—RANGER.—Mr. J. A. J. Sprague's Ruby II (Ducat's stock), to Fowler's (formerly Whitman's) Ranger.

RUBY—RANGER.—J. H. Whitman's Ruby, by St. Louis Kennel Club's Erin, out of his Gypsie, to Champion Ranger.

DOT—BRUSSELS.—Mr. R. Henning's (Ottawa, Ill.) black-and-tan Gordon bitch Dot to Mr. T. Donoghue's Field Trial setter dog Brussels.

DAISY—RATTIER.—George Waddington's Daisy, by Carlowitz, out of Von Culin's True, to J. H. Whitman's Rattier, by Rob Roy, out of Demuth's Pickles.

Deaths.

RUFF.—Mr. Wm. Vie has sold to Dr. J. B. Alexander his retriever bitch Ruff.

DROP.—Dr. J. B. Alexander has sold to Mr. Wm. Vie his young pointer, Drop, by his Bird out of H. F. Turner's Beauty.

HIS COLUMBUS PUP.—Mr. E. H. Gillman has lost by death his promising pointer puppy from the Columbus, Ohio, Kennel Club.

ROCK—KATE PUP.—Mr. R. W. Stafford has lost, from distemper, his eight month's old puppy, by Champion Rock out of Demuth's Kate.

DAISY.—Mr. George B. Dougan has lost his young Irish setter bitch Daisy, of which he had such high expectations. She was apparently well in the morning and was dead at noon. Mr. Dougan and Mr. Morgan are both satisfied she was not poisoned. The cause is one difficult of solution.

American Sporting Literature.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 315.]

In 1866 a new and powerful aspirant for public approbation, came upon the sphere of action. This was no other than the brilliant *Porter's Spirit*, presided over by the same genial sportsman and sporting editor—"York's Tall Son,"—who had become so endeared to the fraternity as editor of the old *Spirit*. The success of this brilliant weekly was commensurate with its deserts, its circulation at the outset being some 40,000,—a thing without precedent in the annals of sporting journalism. During the life of William T. Porter, the journal continued to grow in popularity, but after his decease—which occurred in 1868—its decline was rapid, and after the lapse of a few years it ceased to exist.

About this time *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, a sporting weekly, something after the model of the old *Spirit*, was established in New York city, and in the years of its maturity this chronicle of turf events, out-door sports, etc., is widely and favorably known. By many it is erroneously supposed to be the veritable old *Spirit*, which, as has been stated, was re-issued as *Turf, Field and Farm*, a worthy successor to that grand old periodical. Under the new management *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* is more popular than of old, even if not more ably edited, little, if any, of that personal vituperation, which formerly proved its bane, appearing in its columns.

The *New York Clipper*, at present "the oldest American sporting and theatrical journal," is a chronicle of wide-spread popularity among all lovers of the drama, the prize ring, etc., and is the only sporting paper published on this side of the Atlantic, which devotes any space to "the fistic arena." This, although it must be considered a blemish upon the otherwise excellent character of the periodical, does not in any way reflect upon the brilliant and able departments of more legitimate sports and pastimes. Under the guidance of Frank Queen the *Clipper* has become a journal of undisputed excellence, and high authority in its special sphere.

Of the more important sporting journals which have been devised in later years, the *American Sportsman*, established by the Parker Bros., West Meriden, Conn., in 1871, is deserving of special mention. Originated as a small monthly, it was enlarged in the second year, and made a weekly in the third, enlisting in its service the most prominent sportsmen and naturalists. Unlike its contemporaries, it was devoted almost solely to shooting, fishing, and natural history, and this gave it a peculiar and entrancing interest to lovers of the dog, gun and rod. After a time the title was changed to that of *The Rod and Gun*, and was finally merged in the *Forest and Stream*. The earlier volumes of the *American Sportsman* were replete with useful and entertaining sketches, and the genial pen of Wilber F. Parker—Heaven rest his soul—added much to its attractions.

In the same year as the above, the *Canadian Gentleman's Journal* was first issued at Toronto, Canada. The paper, a weekly, still exists and is the only organ of Canadian sportsmen.

The *Forest and Stream* was devised in 1873, with Charles Hallock, author of "Fishing Tourist," etc.—as editor and publisher. The course of *Forest and Stream* is well known to the sporting fraternity of America.

Six months later than the above, viz: in 1874, the publication of *Field and Stream* was begun, in Chicago, Illinois. This, during its first volume, was published as a fortnightly paper, and was

devoted almost solely to topics of interest to the field sports man and angler. Its only predecessor in the West, the *Western Sporting Gazette* of the same city, had come upon the world of action about one year earlier, only survived six months, when it was suspended—more on account of financial depression than lack of real merit. The *Field and Stream* was hailed with delight, by Western sportsmen especially, while the fraternity at the East at once recognized its value as representing the greatest scope of game regions in the United States. Being published in the midst of the finest country for grouse and duck-shooting in the land, it contained the latest and most accurate descriptions of game resorts from resident correspondents through all the Western States. With the second volume the *Field and Stream* became a weekly, and within another year the title was changed to *The Field*. When the popular sporting writer, "Mohawk," of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, etc., assumed management and editorial control, the *CHICAGO FIELD* took a long stride ahead, in the estimation of the sporting fraternity. It stands, to-day, a source of pride to all Western sportsmen, and to Eastern devotees of rod and gun it furnishes the most desirable information pertaining to the shooting and fishing of the "happy hunting grounds" throughout the country. In the number and quality of its contributors, the *CHICAGO FIELD* is the equal of any, and the superior of most American sporting journals. Its course from the first has been undeniably upward and onward.

Near the close of 1874 a new sportsman's paper was originated in Toronto, Canada, with the title of the *Canadian Sportsman*. This, although a bright and entertaining periodical, survived scarcely three months, when it was merged in the *Canadian Gentleman's Journal*.

In May, 1875, the *New York Sportsman* was first issued, having as its editor-in-chief that talented sportsman, James Foster. The journal has since continued to thrive, and is considered reliable authority among turfmen, for whose best interests it is especially adapted.

Still later several new lights in the world of sporting literature have sprung into existence, among them *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, by F. J. Englehardt, and the *Southern Sportsman* of New Orleans, La. The *Pacific Life* and *San Francisco Spirit of the Times*, also devote considerable space to sporting topics, as does the *Sporting New Yorker*, though scarcely in any sense a sportsman's journal.

The sporting publications of to-day number among the regular contributors many gentlemen of high social and literary standing; such brilliant lights as "Glean," "Guido," "Boone," "Setter," "Mont Clare," "Alle," "Pious Jeeves," "Toxophilus," "Recaper," "Elliot Cones," S. F. Baird, Seth Green, "Dog Whip," and a host of others, too numerous to mention, forming a set of brilliants of which any paper might well feel proud.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

A. P. F., Tipton, Iowa.—What is your opinion of Von Culin's spike collar? Ans.—Good.

C. S. C., Meadville, Pa.—Where can I buy a spike collar, and at what price? Ans.—M. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del.; price, \$3.00.

F. S., Milton, Mass.—Can you give me height and weight of Gladstone? Ans.—We cannot; write his owner, P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.

A. B., London, Canada.—Who bred the Field Trial setters Clip, Pride of the South, Dog Whip and Gladstone, winners at the late Nashville field trials? Ans.—L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Canada.

T. L. I., Logansport.—What is the best food for a pup that is just weaned? Ans.—Milk, with bread crumbed into it, after a little gruel of flour and corn meal, and later table scraps with very little meat.

F. T. E., New York.—I have a litter of young pups that are covered with fleas, will it hurt them to apply some of the insect powders? Which is the best? Ans.—Not in the least, and it is the proper thing to do. Ballard's Flea-killer is the best.

F. M., Jersey City, N. J.—Please inform me if Mr. Sartoris, son-in-law of Gen. Grant imported a pure Laverack bitch, and if so was she with pup at the time, and by what dog. Ans.—We never heard of the fact. Our Washington correspondent, Jack Snipe, will oblige us by inquiring into the subject.

A. G. S., Jacksonville.—I have a dog that has been and is now constantly biting the end of his tail. His health is good and his appetite strong. What is the cause of this, and the remedy? Ans.—It is impossible to say with certainty. Some local irritation may exist in the part; examine and see, if found apply some simple salve to heal the abraded surface.

J. T. P., Kirksville, Mo.—I have a pointer pup about three months old, whenever he runs around much his fore feet and legs get bowed, and he can hardly walk; he gets stiff like a foundered horse. It don't seem to pain him any, and I notice it more when he runs out in the cold. Please tell me what to do for him? Ans.—Bathe the legs with salt and water, twice a day, and trust to time to cure.

H. H. T., Greensboro.—Is the setter a distinct breed of dogs, if not, what is his composition? Please give authorities. Ans.—All modern authorities agree that the setter is a descendant in a straight line from the old land spaniel. So far as known the blood is unmixed and free from crosses, and the dog has been brought up to his present standard by judicious breeding from selected specimens—see "Stonehenge," "Idiot," "Laverack" and others.

S. P. F., Tionesta.—I want a dog for ruffed grouse and woodcocks. Our section is a timbered one and I am undecided whether to get a setter or spaniel, as the grouse are quite wild. Which would you advise? Will a setter be of any use in trailing deer in still-hunting? Ans.—A steady, slow-working setter is the best dog in the world for such shooting as yours. He can be taught to trail deer, and we have seen some setters that worked admirably. A spaniel, if not broken to hunt mule, would spring deer by giving tongue on the trail.

I. B. H., Columbus.—What can I do for a pup that seems lacking in strength, does not grow well, and is thin though he eats largely. Is dull in spirits and his hair seems dead, as there is no gloss or bright look to it. He is five months old, and has been in this condition about three months. Ans.—It is probable your pup has worms. Get an areca nut and grate it coarsely, give one third of the nut at a dose in milk, give upon an empty stomach, and if the pup will not drink pour it down him. In three hours give a dose of castor oil. Repeat at intervals of two days till the entire nut has been given. Watch the passages and notice if worms are passed. After the nut has acted, feed well and give vegetables with the food so as to keep the bowels slightly relaxed for a while.

TRAP SHOOTING.

S., Omaha.—Can a shooter approach the score with his gun loaded? Ans.—No; it is contrary to rule to insert the cartridge until at the score.

J. V., Edina, Mo.—If a man steps to the score with his gun loaded, but not cocked, calls pull, and the bird flies away, is he allowed another bird? Ans.—No.

C., Denver, Col.—In trap-shooting would a bird be a lost bird killed by a shooter standing six or ten feet to the right, left or in the rear of the marked score so long as he shot at least the regular distance from the trap? Ans.—A shooter must shoot from the score.

JUNIOR.—New York.—Does Bogardus use the Dittmar powder in all his matches? Ans.—In his out-door matches he uses black powder; only in his in-door exhibitions does he use Dittmar powder in consequence of the absence of smoke. A great many accidents have occurred from the use of this powder.

C. L., St. Louis.—Is Hasdell, whose advertisement I see in your columns, reliable and does he bore a gun well? Did he bore Martin's gun, which he shot the forty yards' match with at Nashville? Ans.—Hasdell is thoroughly reliable, and we do not believe can be surpassed for boring a gun and for workmanship generally. He did bore Martin's gun.

TRAP, Detroit.—In shooting at double birds, and the first barrel snaps, can the shooter shoot with the other barrel and call for one more bird, or can he call for another pair? Ans.—If his first barrel snaps, he should, without withdrawing his cartridge, take his gun to the judges, who, after examining it, if they find the gun to have been properly loaded, will give him another pair of birds.

GYRO, Portland, Me.—Please answer the following: 1. Can a shooter depute someone to challenge for him? 2. Can a bird be challenged after the next man has shot at his bird? 3. If a shooter forgets to cock his gun, and before he does, the bird gets out of reach, but does not fly out of bounds, but flies back in shot, and he has not left the score, can he shoot it and have it scored to him a dead bird? Ans.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Yes.

J. D., Galveston, Texas.—Please decide: A and B are shooting in a match, class shooting, in which there are five prizes; entrance \$10. Both are nine. A proposes to B to divide first money. B accepts and purposely misses the tenth bird and drops into the nine hole, and in the shoot-off wins second money. A, the only one, kills his ten straight. Afterwards he refuses to divide with B, because B wins second money. Can he refuse? Ans.—No. After he had agreed with B to divide, B had a right to try and win second money, A having no control over him beyond the first money.

A. L., Philadelphia.—A match is advertised for the entries to close at 9 o'clock on the ground. One man gets on the ground after the entries have closed. Just as the first man is called to the score, the manager mentions the fact loud enough for every one to hear, and asks if any one objects. No one objects and he enters. He wins the first money, and the man making the next highest score to him protests against his having it on the ground that he entered after the entries had closed. Is he right? Ans.—No. When no one objected he entered by unanimous consent, and is entitled to what he won.

GAME AND SHOOTING.

H., Omaha.—Is the plural of snipe, snipes or snipe? Ans.—Snipes.

S. F.—Have Williams & Powell, Liverpool, an agent in the West? Ans.—We think not; but their guns can be bought of E. E. Eaton, 53 State street, Chicago.

CONSTANT READER, Louisville, Ky.—What brand of shot do you consider the best? Ans.—That made by the Chicago Shot Tower Co. Be sure, however, that their name is branded on the bag.

J. B., New Orleans, La.—Has Greener an agent in this country now? Ans.—Messrs. Brown & Hilder succeeded Williams in St. Louis and keep the guns for sale. Squires, Courtland st., New York, also has them.

ENQUIRER, Council Bluffs.—Which do you consider the best make of breech-loader? Ans.—To do so would be making an invidious distinction. In our advertising columns you will find the best that are made. Anyone is a good one.

A. D., Boston, Mass.—What is the proper load for a 9½ lbs 10-bore breech-loader? Ans.—From 4 to 5½ drams of powder and from 1 to 1½ ounces of shot. The proper way is to target your gun with different sized loads until you have satisfied yourself which gives you the best pattern and penetration. Every gun has its proper load.

AMATEUR, New York.—Will you please inform me which you consider the proper sizes of shot for different kinds of game? I am a young sportsman and want to gain what practical information I can. Ans.—You must know there are advocates of large and small shot. Belonging to the latter class we advise you from that stand point. In the Fall the birds being of thicker plumage and stronger of wing, larger shot is necessary than in the Summer. For Summer woodcocks, No. 10; for Fall birds, No. 9. For quails in the opening of the season No. 9, and later No. 8. For pinnated grouse, (prairie chickens) in August, No. 9, and we know some who use No. 10 with advantage; in September, No. 8, and later, in October and November, No. 7. For ruffed grouse, No. 8, in September and later No. 7. For snipes in the early season No. 12, and later No. 10. For ducks in August and September, No. 8 in the first barrel and 7 in the second; in the latter part of September and early part of October, 6 and 7; and in the latter part of October and November, 6 and 5 or 5 and 4. For trap shooting, Summer No. 9, if the Fall No. 8. You must also bear in mind that the weather and the birds must be taken into consideration. If it be a windy day and the birds wild you need heavier shot than under contrary conditions.

VETERINARY.

P. C., Crete, Neb.—What is the best treatment for a shoe boil? I have a horse that is having one; it is quite small yet, but is sore and hot and hard; has been coming for about two weeks. Ans.—It is caused by the horse lying on the shoe with his elbow, so the first thing to do is to remove the cause by fastening a roller, the size of your arm, around the pastern when the horse lies down. Foment the swelling with hot water three times a day, and probably it will all disappear, but in case it does not, irritate it by rubbing some of the following liniment well into it once a day: take of oil of turpentine, liquor ammoniac and linseed oil equal parts; shake well and apply with the hand.

D. G. H., Northport, L. I.—I have a mare that calked herself last Winter in shying; her leg is swollen very much and much inflammation in it; it discharges a bloody, watery substance, (in the hind leg; there is a spot on the front of the leg on the hock joint, is very hard and caloused; it appears as if a part of the outside skin had been driven in. Can you advise me through your veterinary columns how to treat it? Ans.—Your description of the case is scarcely full enough to enable us to form an intelligent opinion. Where is the opening from which comes the discharge? Is the bone affected? How long has the discharge continued? Has the inflammation existed ever since the accident? Is the caloused spot identical with the inflamed part? Answer the above questions and we will be glad to prescribe for you; in the meantime give the mare a laxative—three drachms of aloes; and poultice the leg with warm linseed meal and charcoal with a little weak solution of carbolic acid poured over it; renew the applications once a day; keep her on soft food.

FISH.

D. J., San Francisco.—Can you give me Seth Green's address? Ans.—Rochester, N. Y.

J. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Who makes the best rods? Ans.—Abbey & Imbrie, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

PISCATOR, Milwaukee, Wis.—Where is a good place to get blue fishing? Which is the best season of the year and how are they caught? Ans.—Either Pin Island, L. I., or Barrygat, N. J., are good places; the best time is in July, August and September; they are caught by trolling.

L. R., Albany, N. Y.—Is the grayling as game a fish as the trout, and is it as difficult to catch. Do you know if the experiment has been tried of introducing them in our Eastern waters? Ans.—The grayling is as game a fish as the trout, and from having a more tender mouth than the trout requires to be more carefully handled in order to land him. We are not aware whether the experiment of introducing the fish in Eastern waters has been tried.

RIFLE.

St. Louisian, St. Louis, Mo.—Is the range at Wimbledon used for any other matches than those of the annual gathering. 2. Is it used by the marksmen in the vicinity as a practice range? Ans.—1. We believe not. 2. No.

H. S., Vicksburg, Miss.—What is the trajectory of the Creedmoor rifles at 1,000 yards? Ans.—If you mean by trajectory the highest point of the bullet's curve in flight, we cannot say. It depends on the rifle, amount of powder and also upon the quality of powder used. Men use various powder charges. The culminating point at 1,000 yards, with the regular ammunition supplied by Messrs. Remington & Sons and for their rifles is considered 112 feet, but here again atmospheric and other influences would cause variation.

HUNTING.

FOX HUNTER, Minneapolis, Minn.—Is the Queen's County, L. I., hunt composed of Englishmen or are they Americans; also, how long has the hunt been established? Ans.—The hunt is composed of both Americans and Englishmen. This is their first season, though many of the members inaugurated fox-hunting in New Jersey two years ago. The establishing of the hunt is really due to the efforts of Col. Skinner, formerly Field editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, who for years agitated the forming of a pack in the vicinity of New York. The Colonel was indefatigable on this subject and he finally succeeded in imbuing others with his enthusiasm, which resulted in it taking the practical shape it has.

HORSE.

READER.—City of Sherman, Texas.—Is Dexter dead? If so, how long? Ans.—No; Dexter is alive.

Laurens, Taylorsville, Ill.—I have a span of mules, about nine-years old, and sound and healthy, but very thin in flesh. How can I "fatten" them most speedily to render them marketable? Ans.—Grind their grain for them, give them no whole grain at all, and wet everything they eat; the more water you can get into them the faster they will fatten. Change the food occasionally from oats to corn, and then to bran, roots, etc. Keep them in a dark place and give them a little, gentle exercise. Keep them free from excitement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. A. S., Leavenworth, Kas.—Please let me know where to get wild rice, and at what time should it be sown? Ans.—Can't get any wild rice. The Fall of the year.

F. G., New Haven, Conn.—I want to "go West," my health not being good, which I think is caused from the cold winds of Long Island Sound and the damp weather and sudden and constant changes we have in this climate. I have about \$1,000 and want to go to stock raising on a small scale at first, but want a suitable country where the climate is good and also where I can get some good shooting. Where would you advise? Ans.—Kansas by all means. Write to the land agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Road, Topeka, Kansas.

Fish.

Autumnal Trout Fishing.

The sadness of the "happy Autumn fields" spoken of by the laureate extends to the streams that flow by them. And the fly-fisher, though he is well aware how he too will be affected with regret and sorrow on visiting them, is yet impelled to throw his flies over them by a fascination peculiar to the season. Moodily he descends to breakfast, and the wife of his bosom asks anxiously, "If the Epic Poem-writing Company (Limited) has failed? or is her lord ailing? or what is it that makes him so dismal?" He answers "he is going fishing," much as he might tell her he is going to a friend's funeral. The little woman cannot understand why he should be so dolorous to-day, when on other fishing days he is as blithe as the birds in the shrubbery, and privately sallying out, bids John accompany his master to carry the net; the truth being she fears lest the master should throw himself into the river. We fishers, however, can well enter into such feelings, as the last days of the season slip away. At the river side there is a nice breeze, but the willows are dank, the meadows dripping, the gay flowers all gone, the few remaining ones of dull rusty red and yellow hues, as if they, too, had liver complaints. All the friends that Piscator meets are low-spirited like himself. The celebrated surgeon whom he first comes across, whose wont it is to bring down a light fly-rod and an etching plate to the river, and when tired of taking trout to improvise upon the plate any trivial subject that may present itself—a bend in the river, the growth of a bed of rushes, an old pollard, and the like—has today only brought his rod; his emotions at its being probably the last fishing day of the season prevents his doing justice to any etching subject. Piscator accosts him and walks a little way with him to observe his prowess. Soon they approach a favorite pool, overhung with thickets of figwort and hawthorn. Lightly flies the F. R. C. S.'s "coachman" into the further side, and as it touches the water it is seized at once by a good fish. Daintily and with professional light-handedness does the great surgeon treat the fish; notice his firm yet unstraining hold, how cleverly he bends him from submerged stakes, and keeps him off a dangerous bed of weeds. The trout feels he must try another tactic, so he dashes under the hawthorn, leaps up, though well held in hand, and follows his first leap with another rapid back somersault, which lands him athwart a low branch, next moment, snap! and he is gone. The would-be captor is too low-spirited to be surprised. He looks into Piscator's face, and with the nearest approach to pleasantry which such a day could admit, merely remarks, "A good fishing river, like good wine, needs no bush;" and then, disengaging his line, walks onwards to the broad channel beyond. Now he has even a better fish, a good pound and a half, which careers up and down in the aimless manner peculiar to a fish of its weight, as opposed to the definite dash and distinct strategy of one of three-quarters of a pound, than which no fish, to our thinking, makes a more gallant resistance in proportion to its size. Two minutes pass, and then the F. R. C. S. gives him the butt and draws him nearer, when he, too, tries a leap, and although the line is instantly relaxed, he is too quick for a down-spirited man, even when such a fisherman as the great surgeon, and at once breaks off like the last. What does the F. R. C. S. do? With a blank look of utter, abject misery he says not a word, but laying down his rod takes a seat on a neighboring rail, and begins to sing dolefully, to the tune of Rousseau's dream, a professional chant, "Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my, etc., etc., saw it to the bone!" The melancholy ditty never gets any further, the singer having apparently little musical ability, but at each repetition acquires more melancholy, long-drawn tones, till Piscator thinks even the celebrated tune which killed the old cow would be a relief to the dismal monotony, and abruptly flies. Turning at the corner he looks round, and still sees the wretched man athwart his rail, while the dolorous cadences float to his ears, "Saw my leg off, saw it to the bone!"

Not inspired by this *rencontre*, he takes two or three little ones, which on any other day he would have thrown in again, and speedily comes upon the rector of the parish, solemnly whipping the stream. "Done much?" asks Piscator. "No, not much," he replies laconically. "Are you ill?" continues Piscator. "No, but not well; don't you know that we have only a week more this year, and to-morrow I have a funeral? Next day is the visitation, then Sunday, and so on to the end of the month. No, I am not ill, but I believe I am down-spirited. We parsons want change more than most men, and I shall get no more amusement till Spring." "Yet some parsons who are trout fishers seem to get plenty of time for their favorite amusement. Do you remember Mr. Cadwallader in *Middlemarch*? He says, 'If we parsons had to stand at the hustings for preferment, I should be afraid of their reckoning up all my fishing days.' Upon my word, I think the truth is the hardest missile one can be pelted with." "Ah! it is very well for a novelist to talk in this manner, but we parsons are a sorely maligned race." And he passes on as melancholy as Shakespeare's "gib cat," whatever that may be.

Far long, lower down the stream, where some blossoms of the water ranunculus yet wave in the current, Piscator meets another member of the association, the 'Squire. The misery of the last week of the season has intensified his natural love of deprecating the present. "Morning, Piscator, glad to see you. What a season this has been, eh? Talk of the wet weather and the deficient harvest, indeed! these farmers are always grumbling at something. We poor fishers might with reason grumble this year. Never knew fish so scarce. My biggest has only been two and a half pounds. This water is fearfully poached. My fellow tells me that Rook and the black gang from the colliery drag it night after night. On Sundays all sorts of rascals come here in their best clothes to tickle, while otters, herons, and a legion of vermin are always at work upon the trout. How one is left is a mystery to me. Why, the cormorants from the coast have even taken to fly here for their dinner. And then the House listens to gentlemen who call themselves ornithologists, and actually protects birds! I do not know what the country is coming to; it will soon not be worth living in," etc. Piscator begins to think it is time for him to think of fleeing to the antipodes, where a man may fish in peace, and where, if he goes to Tasmania, benevolent acclimatizers are getting trout and salmon ready for him, when a curious contrast to these miserable members of the club accosts him cheerily. This is Millett, who lives on £70 per annum, and is perfectly happy and contented. "How disgusting it is to meet such a happy fellow on a day like this! thinks Piscator, and asks if he has taken many fish this season.

"Not so many as usual; but the flowers have been particularly fine down our stream—have they not? And I have never seen so many rare birds as we have had this year. It certainly is a pity that the season is so nearly over, but I intend making a quantity of flies during the Winter."

Piscator soon leaves him; his cheerfulness is a rebuke, he feels, to his own grumbling mood. Besides which the weather has turned out so treacherous (it often is so late in the season), that constant showers compel him to take shelter, or, worse still, put on his mackintosh. These days at the end of September are very like April weather, rain and sunshine swiftly alternating, while an occasional hail storm renders an angler still more irritable. Gentle readers, it is an irritating thing even for a meek-

spirited fly-fisher to have to spend the best part of one of his last fishing days in putting on and pulling off a damp, sticky waterproof, under the penalty of getting a thorough drenching in two minutes. Trout rise more provokingly than ever when the angler is struggling excitedly with such a stright waistcoat, while ere it is well on it has to be taken off again, for blue sky once more appears, and nothing is more detestable than to throw flies while wearing a mackintosh. The keen north wind too often on these last days tells its story of coming Winter, and compels a frequent resort to the whisky flask. Piscator is somewhat daunted by these *disagreements*, but even they are as nothing compared to the abundant crop of weeds in the stream. Long waving streamers, little tufted spires, compact beds of anacharis—that American pest—clumps of submerged reeds and protruding sedges, with green expanses dotted over with the pretty floating ranunculus's white blooms—these are sore enemies to the fly-fisher's composure late in the season. He catches several fish by carefully steering them alongside of dangerous weed banks, and choosing a lane of water between them through which to lead them to the landing net—nay, he even begins to plume himself on his skill in doing this, and thinks how soon that muff so-and-so would lose his fish in these lengthening weeds. Suddenly he hooks a good fish, bigger than any he has taken out, and using his old skill craftily entices him into open water. All at once, after a somersault, the trout darts into a mass of tangled weeds, and there, before Piscator can get him out, wraps himself up in these inextricably, and remains quiet and invisible. Piscator waits a minute or two, putting on as much stress as he dares, and working the line backwards and forwards to try and clear it of the weeds, but in vain. He cannot even tell whether the fish yet be on. So he bethinks himself of throwing pebbles in, as he would do with a sulky salmon. This for a minute or two is of no use. At length the fish is seen struggling and turning round and round like a large spinning minnow inside the mass of weeds. Piscator hastily gets his net ready, and is even about to step in, when with one rush away goes the goodly fish, leaving the fly and gut scornfully mixed up with weeds, sheep's wool, and filth of all kinds, and certainly leaving his would-be-catcher in no enviable frame of mind. He knows that he will not see this fish again till next Spring, and then (if it be not a Hibernicism) that it will be probably caught by some one else, and prove a 2lb fish with pink flesh, the glory of the stream. Besides, it is not in human nature to be satisfied, having lost one fish, when a man reviews his day's fishing, even when he has caught several good ones. He always believes that a trout lost after such a tussle as this is a better fish, and is discontented in consequence.

Another feature of autumnal trout fishing is the unexpected presence of fish, and many of them fine ones, in all kinds of unlikely holes and haunts. An accomplished fly-fisher knows during the rest of the season the exact localities for trout, the tree roots, scours, posts, flood-gates, bends in the river, and the like, where the fish most love to lie. But in Autumn this knowledge stands him in little stead. The fervor of migration for the sake of continuing their kind is upon the trout, and though they do not quit fresh water for the sea, like their big brothers, the salmon, they are restless and on the march towards the upper and shallower waters of their district, the wide ditches, smaller brooks, and water courses opening onto the main stream. It is in such situations that the important business of spawning takes place. Just as hares, too, go mad, as the saying is, in March, and even mankind are not wholly exempt from irrational behavior when in love, trout are wild and fuller of fight and resistance during the last few weeks of the season than they have been since their annual debauch upon mayflies rendered them corpulent and lazy. This is an additional reason why fishermen regret the end of the season. Their quarry gives them, perhaps, the best sport of the year just when they are about to abandon catching him. Few things are more annoying than to miss catching several good fish on the last days of the season, and to mark them down, each in its favorite haunt, ready for next Spring. During many a wintry hour of dullness, when bored by so and so's speech, or detained at some interminable public meeting, how frequently will dreams of the exact spot where the best of these lurks delight the fisherman! With the first day of the ensuing season he seeks these localities with eagerness, perfectly certain of his game. Alas! a flood, or it may be piscine caprice, has tempted them elsewhere. He is all astray in his calculations, and must again begin to get up, as it were *de novo*, the haunts of his fish. Lucky is it for his peace of mind if he does not hear how Tom the Tinker has been seen stooping under the banks of the stream in the meantime, or Besom Bess with her brood of shaggy-headed children made a dam and dried up a couple of good holes.

Thus meditating, Piscator takes a few more fish, starting at one bend of the stream a pair of whimbrels, with their scimitar-like bills, which emphatically tell of Autumn, as these birds are now on their usual migration; and at another, a green sandpiper (*Totanus ochropus*), another bird of the season dear to East Anglian fishermen as being a familiar sight on their brooks. Then the sun retires, and the air becomes sensibly colder, whilst mists float up from the stream to meet the haze which enfold in ever-closing arms distant copse and hedgerow. The trout do not care to rise under the depressing influences of this wet blanket, and Piscator sadly reels up his line, and knows that one of the few more days of trout fishing this season is over; but he is interrupted by the squire and young Millett returning from the other end of the fishery with baskets not too well filled. "The very thing," says the former, "here is Piscator, good with the quill in the water, or the water-marked paper; poet as well as fisherman! A song! a song! to cheer us up!"

After many vain attempts to escape singing, by pleading the melancholy nature of the time, and his own low spirits, Piscator acquiesces. He mounts a five-barred gate at their side, draws a lute tenderly decked with blue ribbon from his bosom (it is well known that all scholarly anglers habitually carry this instrument out fly-fishing), gazes enraptured a moment at the harvest moon, just silencing the stubble fields on the hill, and trolls forth with a rich voice:

"Come gentles—beg pardon!—with maggot and worms,
Your trout, angler true, will make peace on no terms.
Come gentle fly-fishers, I'll sing you one slave
Ere the trout fishing season drops into Time's grave.

"Your rods now rub dully with varnish and oil—
Spare rod and both children and rod you will spoil.
Your winches and nets, too, lay tenderly by,
Or Spring's net result will result in a sigh.

"Your lines, too, good angler, well dried, put away;
Though fearing a paradox, yet will I say,
'Tis hard lines when dry to catch never a fish,
Well dried and hard lines will oft' furnish a dish.

"Then thankfully all up a bumper and wink
At friends by your side and to next season drink.
Tempus fugit—or, if to translate it we try,
When Father Time fishes he fishes with fly.

"With grief place I tackle till Winter has fled,
With rod so beloved near my couch by my head,
We'll fish till, like them, we are laid on the shelves,
And when we can't hook trout we'll hook it ourselves."

—PISCATOR, in *Bell's Life*.

HYBRID FISHES.—Pisciculturists have never as yet succeeded in artificially producing a hybrid fresh water fish. Mr. Buckland, although he has given great attention to this subject, has not, I believe, so far been so successful as to hatch out a hybrid. Others, also, have likewise totally failed, and the assertion has been hazarded that no such monstrosity actually exists.

It is true, however, that a cross between the Crucian carp (*Cyprinus Carassius*), and the common carp (*Cyprinus Carpio*), has been reported from the Continent; but it is also equally a fact, that Dr. Gunther, after examining them, came to the conclusion that he "was unable to decide whether he should really consider them as hybrids, or as one of the numerous varieties which had been produced in the long period during which these two fishes were kept and bred in a domesticated state."

I have also had an opportunity of seeing specimens of the so-called "hybrids," and must record a similar impression.

Now, that hybrids among sea fishes do exist, I have no doubt. I have seen so complete a "cross" between the various families of the sea perches (*Serranus*), that it was well nigh impossible to determine to which species each belonged, so entirely were the characteristics intermingled. Dr. Gunther, also, refers to this fact, and speaks of the frequent "cross" between plaice (*Pleuronectes Platessa*) and the flounder (*P. flesus*), which, he says, may be easily recognised by counting the spines.

Still, however, whether like some birds, fresh-water fishes ever produce hybrids is quite an open question. I am inclined to think they do. The pike-perch (*Lucio perca*) of eastern Europe is most suspiciously like its "godfather and godmother," although the difficulty against its "hybrid" genesis is that often neither the pike nor perch is found in the rivers abounding in *Lucio perca*. I have, indeed, seen a sort of pike-perch said to have been caught in Slapton Lea, which was certainly true to its name as far as I could see. I afterwards, however, heard it had been "manufactured."

It has been several times tried to hybridize the members of the *Salmonide*, but each attempt has failed.

Von Siebold, of Munich, a most profound naturalist, gives five different sorts of fresh-water hybrids, or, at least, he gives them a hybrid classification, for he does not positively assert them to be hybrids. They are as follows:

Cyprinus Kolarii, hybrid between common and Crucian carp.
Abramis Lenkarti, hybrid between bream and some white fish (*Leuciscus*).

Abramis abramo rutilus, hybrid between bream and roach.

Aburnus dolabratus, hybrid between bleak and chub.

Chonrostoma rysela, hybrid between *Chonrostoma nasus* and *telestes Agassizii*, two cyprinoid (carp-like) fishes not found in England.

The subject of hybrids is a curious and interesting branch of ichthyology little investigated, and would well repay careful study. It has been asserted that the common rudd is a "cross" between the bream and the roach, but of this no satisfactory proof has been obtained. Mr. Pennell thinks it is not.—*CROON*, in *English Exchange*.

WISCONSIN FISH-CULTURE.—We have received a copy of the fourth annual report, of the Wisconsin Fish Commissioners, and from it we gather that the State of Wisconsin first undertook artificial propagation in 1873, wherein by an act of the legislature \$500 was appropriated directly to Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, to be expended by him as directed in the act. In 1874, \$360 was appropriated and local fish commissioners were appointed to expend the sum. In 1875 \$2,000 were appropriated, and in 1876 the legislature was awake to the immense benefit to accrue to the State, and appropriated the liberal sum of \$10,000, appointing a fourth commissioner, and making the Governor, *ex-officio*, as one of the commissioners. In April following the Commission entered on their duties in real solid earnest. The small sums heretofore appropriated were unavailing to accomplish any considerable results; but with the action of the legislature in so liberally recognizing the new industry, the people were aroused to the fact that there was "millions in it."

The Commissioners have planted colonies here and there where it was expected the most public good would be done; but the commissioners feel that there is room for much to be done, and call upon individuals to add to their private income and to the public wealth by stocking the streams, ponds, and lakes, that they may command.

The hatcheries at Milwaukee and Madison are doing a great work in educating the masses as to the facility and feasibility of artificial hatching. The throng of visitors, especially at Milwaukee, have been very great, and the establishment at Nine Springs also received marked attention. The trout hatching at this latter under the management of Supt. Comstock was very successful. During the past year 179,000 trout were distributed from these ponds. Some rascals stole about 300 breeders in August from the ponds in which they were kept, and this, with the mortality resulting in handling, reduced the stock to 800 or thereabouts, so that ripe fish had to be bought somewhere, and 1,500 were obtained from Messrs. Mann & Doussers. There are now about 2,300 fish in one of the ponds for next year's hatch and 20,000 fry in others, which were produced this past year. Nearly a million and a quarter of eggs are expected from these fish next year.

Mr. Comstock's contract with the fish commissioners has expired, and Mr. H. W. Webster has been engaged to take charge of the Milwaukee and Madison hatcheries. He is a gentleman that is thoroughly competent to fill the bill.

A RARE CAPTURE.—An opah, or king fish, was recently caught in a herring net off England. Frank Buckland, in *Land and Water*, says of it: "This fish is as beautiful as it is rare. A fine specimen was caught in 1808 opposite Burlington. In 1823 and 1828, specimens were caught off Yarmouth. Little is known of its habits. Cuttles and other cephalopods have been found in its stomach. The upper parts of back and sides are a rich green, with purple and gold reflection, passing into yellowish gold below; on the sides are various round, yellowish spots, from which the fish received the name of Luna. It was once described as 'looking like one of Neptune's lords dressed for a court day.'

SHAD IN THE WEST.—About a year ago the United States Fish Commissioners deposited some shad in the Kaw river at the mouth of Turkey creek. Within the last month several young shad about six inches long have been taken from the Missouri river, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Kaw. The experiment has been a decided success, and shows that the labors of the Commission will be profitable to Kansas and the Missouri Valley.

CALIFORNIA SALMON EGGS.—Last week there passed through this city, from the United States fishing establishment on the McCloud, 80,000 salmon eggs, packed in moss, and en route for Baltimore, Maryland, consigned to T. B. Ferguson. These are probably about the last that will be shipped from the West this season, as those now being produced on the McCloud are to be planted in California waters.

* NOTICE.—The CHICAGO FIELD is \$4 a year, \$2 for six months and \$1 for three months—strictly in advance.

MORE FISH CULTURE.—A new hatching house is to be built on Moose river, at the foot of the Fulton chain of lakes in the Adirondack country. The house is to be built by the Fulton Lake Association, and the New York State authorities are to assist the enterprise.

KEEPING IT UP.—Hon. Geo. H. Jerome has just planted three hundred thousand lake trout eggs in the State hatchery at Niles, Mich.

The Horse.

The National Trotting Association.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

B-321.—**SECRETARY'S OFFICE.**—Hartford, Conn., Dec. 1, 1877.—Isaac Pawling, New York, and the g. g. Bolly Lewis, who were suspended by order of the Catskill Driving Park, Wm. Smith, lessee, Catskill, N. Y., under date of July 31, 1876, for non-payment of entrance money, have been re-instated, said claim having been paid.

[N. B.—The g. g. Bolly Lewis remains suspended under date of August 25, 1876.]

J. McCumsey, Philadelphia, Pa., who was suspended by order of the Gettysburg Trotting Association, Gettysburg, Pa., under date of August 4, 1876, under authority of Rule 29, for non-payment of fine, has been reinstated, said fine having been paid.

[N. B.—Joshua McCumsey remains suspended under date of September 26, 1877.]

N. S. Ludwig, Pottstown, Pa., and the b. g. Monitor, who were suspended by order of the Schuylkill Valley Agricultural Society, Pottstown, Pa., under date of October 14, 1876, for non-payment of entrance money, have been reinstated, said claim having been paid.

[N. B.—The b. g. Monitor remains suspended under date of October 14, 1876.]

B-322.—Dec. 3.—T. H. Rawlings, Roxborough, Pa., and the g. g. Grey Billy, who were suspended by order of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society (Amble Park), Whitmarsh, Pa., under date of Oct. 6, 1877, for non-payment of entrance money, have been reinstated, said claim having been paid.

Dec. 11.—H. P. Kelly (driver), Cynthiana, Ky., who was suspended for one year by order of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 8, 1877, under authority of rule 16, has been reinstated by order of said association.

Frank Lyons, Mendota, Ill., who was suspended by order of the Mendota Driving Park Association, Mendota, Ill., under date of Aug. 28, 1876, for non-payment of entrance money, has been temporarily reinstated by order of the president, under authority of Article 4 of the by-laws, until the next meeting of the Board of Appeals for the Western District.

B-323.—Dec. 11.—By order of the Beech Grove Driving Park, Madison, Ind., the following named persons and horses have been suspended for non-payment of entrance money, to wit: J. Rutledge, Cincinnati, O., and the b. g. Jim V.; J. H. Brown, Eldin, Ont., and the b. g. John Bright; H. Simons, Louisville, Ky., and the s. g. Pompey; Jas. Bailey, Cincinnati, O., and the b. m. American Lady.

B-324.—By order of the Board of Appeals (General Board), at the meeting held Dec. 4, 1877, the following penalties were imposed, to wit:

W. B. Matthews, Pittsburgh, Pa., and the b. g. Tom Eyre, were fined \$100 for disregard of the rules, and were suspended until said fine shall be paid. (See case 693.)

W. F. Emison, Georgetown, Ky., was suspended until he shall make good a claim against him for \$600, amount of his protested check. (See case 703.)

James Jamison, Buffalo, N. Y., was expelled for fraudulent entry and concealment of changes in the name of the b. g. Clover, alias Dalton, alias Brightwood. (See case 709.)

The expulsion of R. T. Kneeba, Sioux City, Iowa, imposed by order of the Galesburg Driving Park Association, Galesburg, Ill., under date of August 17, 1875, and temporarily removed by order of the Board of Appeals for the Western District, under date of July 1, 1877, is now revived, to remain in force until he shall pay to the treasurer of the National Association \$300, for premiums wrongfully obtained. (See case 679.)

B-325.—The following penalties were removed by order of the Board of Appeals (General Board), at the meeting held Dec. 4, 1877, to wit: L. C. Chase, Boston, Mass., who was expelled by order of the Prospect Park Fair Ground Association, Brooklyn, N. Y., September 30, 1873, under rule 28, was reinstated. (See case 691.)

[N. B.—L. C. Chase remains suspended under date of November 26, 1876.]

James McCusker, Philadelphia, Pa., who was expelled by order of the Orange County Pleasure Ground Association, Middletown, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1871, under rule 14, was reinstated. (See case 693.)

Worley & Fletcher, Middleport, Ohio, and the — g. Gus, alias Gus Raymond, who were expelled by order of the Board of Appeals, May 20, 1876, under rule 14, were reinstated. (See case 694.)

C. K. Brew, Great Falls, N. H., who was expelled by order of the Maine State Agricultural Society, Portland, Me., September 10, 1877, under rule 14, was reinstated. (See case 694.)

Amos B. Stafford, alias Chick Stafford, Utica, N. Y., who was expelled by order of the Fleetwood Park, G. H. Barnard, president, Morrisania, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1876, under rules 14, 28, and 48, was reinstated. (See case 725.)

Thos. J. Vail, Sec'y.

Turf Notes from England.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

CROYDON, ENGLAND.

Croydon November meeting which opened on Tuesday and closes this afternoon, was by no means so well supported as on former occasions. Perhaps it was the weather, which, to say the least, was uninviting. The sport, especially on the first day, was a very excellent form and produced heavy speculation. The most noticeable feature in connection with this meeting was the extraordinary run of luck which fell to the share of the Irish Brigade. The racing, though of high character, was not of sufficient interest, beyond the events, to interest many outside the "charmed circle" and I will therefore refrain filling up needlessly your valuable journal.

The Stewards' Steeplechase (handicap) of 400 sovs; any winner after Nov. 23, at noon, to carry 7 lb extra; entrance 3 sovs each. About two miles and a half.

10 11 Mr. Gavacan's Moortown (late Sybarite), by Caterer—Iphigenia, aged, ... Mr. St. James 1
11 0 Captain A. Crofton's Abdallah, aged, ... Anthony 2
11 0 Mr. Barker's Number One, aged, ... Miles 3
Seven others ran.

The Grand National Hurdle race (handicap) of 20 sovs each, 10 ft. with 300 sovs added; the winner of any handicap hurdle race value 100 sovs after Nov. 14, at 5 p. m., to carry 11 lb. of any other hurdle race (selling races excepted) 5 lb extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; entrance 3 sovs each, the only liability if forfeit be declared by noon on Tuesday, Nov. 20. About two miles and a quarter, over nine flights of hurdles. (44 subs, 29 of whom declared fit.)

10 12 Sir J. L. Kaye's Citizen, by Citadel—Beauty, 6 yrs... W. Reeves 1
10 5 Mr. W. Barton's Royal Oak II, 5 yrs Levitt 2
10 8 Mr. G. Clement's Castle Wellan, 6 yrs F. Lynham 3
11 11 Miss Graham's Genuine, 6 yrs Anthony 0
11 0 Mr. Clifford's Sir Hugh, 5 yrs Gregory 0
11 3 Mr. G. Brown's Palm, aged R. P. Anson 0
11 1 Mr. C. Bush's Brown Holland, 6 yrs R. Marsh 0
10 7 Mr. Randall's Rattleaway, aged Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
10 12 Mr. Fitzroy's Woodcock, 5 yrs Jones 0
10 2 Mr. L. Worm's Ceramee, 4 yrs E. Matchell 0
10 2 Mr. W. Pearson's Lady of Avenel, 4 yrs S. Daniels 0
Betting, 9 to 2 Citizen, 5 to 2 Palm, 6 to 1 Sir Hugh, 15 to 1 Royal Oak.

At the word to "go," Ceramee was first on her legs, but the favorite and one or two others were not far behind, but before quite reaching the first flight of hurdles, Genuine had wrested the pride of place from the French filly and kept it till in front of the stand, where Rattleaway was holding a slight lead. Approaching the farm house, after making the turn to the left of the enclosure, Palm forged ahead, Ceramee next, and Mr. Clifford's gelding third. At the bottom of the hill the favorite was discovered "coming," and Royal Oak, also with a "wet sail," began closing, lessening the gap which separated him from the leaders. On reaching the back end of the track, Ceramee was hopelessly beaten, and Palm, who was his closest attendant, also compounded, and leaving Royal Oak with the front place, Sir Hugh and Woodcock were the next to cave in, the field being thus greatly reduced. Royal Oak held gallantly on, but nearing the home hill he was challenged by Reeves' mount, who just managed to win by the shortest of heads on the post. Time, 5:38.

The Metropolitan Steeplechase Plate of 100 sovs., for hunters that have never won a steeplechase, value 50 sovs; four-year-olds 11st 7 lb, five 12st 7 lb, six and aged 13st; the owner of the second horse to receive

20 sovs, out of the plate; entrance 2 sovs. each. Three miles across country.

12 0 Mr. Cook's Confusion, by Jupiter—Terre de Feu, 4 yrs Mr. W. H. Johnston 1
13 0 Mr. J. Davis's Boanerges, 5 yrs Mr. Tyler 2
12 7 Mr. N. Mason's Charlie, 5 yrs Mr. Morris 3
12 0 Mr. Morris' Drummer Boy, 4 yrs Mr. Appleton 0
12 0 Mr. S. Western's York, 4 yrs Mr. Blake 0
Betting: 5 to 4 agst Confusion, 100 to 30 York, and 4 to 1 Drummer Boy.

On Wednesday the course was frightfully slushy from the previous day's rain, and the "going" was sadly complained of. Six races filled the card, and Boyne Water, who was made the favorite for the Woodside Handicap, had considerable difficulty in getting home, as Lother crossed him in the last furlong, and even before this little contretemps there were several unfair attempts to shut him out of the race. Huntley's Victory for the Selling Handicap Hurdle was a factor for those who had seen his previous performance, and it was a source of the loudest discontent among the backers of Citizen and Antidote that they were not permitted a run for their money.

The chief races are here summarized:

The Woodside Handicap Steeplechase of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 100 sovs. added; the winner of any handicap steeplechase at this meeting to carry 10 lb, any other winner 7 lb extra; entrance 2 sovs, the only liability if declared. Two miles. (32 subs, 15 of whom declared fit.)

11 12 Mr. Jessop's Boyne Water, by Solon—Lyra, 5 yrs R. Marsh 1
10 12 Mr. T. A. Hubbard's Dewdrop, aged Mr. E. P. Wilson 2
11 2 Mr. A. Yates' Lother, aged (in 7 lb ex) Mr. Barnes 3
12 4 Mr. Coupland's Revenge, aged Mr. G. Moore 0
11 7 Mr. Gavacan's Moortown, aged (in 10 lb ex) Mr. St. James 0
11 0 Mr. R. Barker's Number One, aged Miles 0
11 0 Mr. W. Brophy's Lady Pitt, 4 yrs (in 7 lb ex) Levitt 0
Betting: 5 to 4 on Boyne Water, 4 to 1 agst Moortown, 8 to 1 Dewdrop, 10 to 1 Number One, 100 to 8 Lother, and 20 to 1 any other.

The Selling Handicap Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 40 added; the winner to be sold for 70 sovs. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

12 3 Mr. J. Potter's Huntley, by Palmer—Virginia 5 yrs Owner 1
11 12 Mr. B. Gilpin's Somebody's Child aged Toon 2
11 6 Mr. J. Johnson's Abel Miss 3 yrs S. Daniels 3
12 7 Mr. Fitzroy's Whitethorn 6 yrs J. Jones 0
12 5 Mr. Oaks' Elisham Lad 5 yrs Elliott 0
12 4 Mr. Burton's Plebeian 4 yrs J. Adams 0
11 12 Mr. Edward's Baronet 6 yrs Anthony 0
11 11 Mr. Clifford's Happy Thought 5 yrs Mr. F. G. Hobson 0
10 10 Mr. Bambridge's Hay Malcolm 4 yrs A. Allen 0
11 9 Mr. Yates's Letcombe 3 yrs Mr. Barnes 0
11 6 Mr. Pool's St. Bee 4 yrs Hales 0
11 6 Captain P. Butler's Earsian 3 yrs R. Anson 0
11 6 Mr. W. Morris's Sir Peter 3 yrs Mr. R. Shepherd 0
11 2 Mr. Ellerton's Lord George 3 yrs Levitt 0
11 2 Mr. Cleaver's Don Giovanni 5 yrs Baverstock 0

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STEEPLCHASE (handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 500 sovs added: the winner (selling races excepted) of any handicap steeplechase value 100 sovs after Nov. 13, at 2 p. m., to carry 10 lb, of any other steeplechase or of a hurdle race value 100 sovs 5 lb extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save stake; entrance 3 sovs each, the only liability if declared by noon on Tuesday, November 20.—About four miles. (33 subs, 18 of whom declared fit.)

11 4 Captain Bates' Pride of Kildare, by Plum Pudding or Canary—Hibernia, 6 yrs Mr. Beasley 1

10 12 Lord M. Beresford's Chimney Sweep, aged J. Jones 2
11 5 Mr. Fitzgerald's Sweet Meadow, 6 yrs Mr. St. James 3
10 13 Mr. G. Brown's Palm, aged R. Anson 0
10 5 Mr. Clifford's Stanley, 6 yrs Levitt 0
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Pride of Kildare, 11 to 4 Chimney Sweep, 3 to 1 Sweet Meadow, 4 to 1 Palm, and 10 to 1 Stanley.

Antidote was struck out of the great Metropolitan within an hour of the time fixed for the race which in the opinion of English sportsmen is selling uncommonly close to "roguey." (It might be libelous to say so much in an English paper, but it will "come home" with none the less weight for having first been printed in an American journal.)

Barton, the jockey, received another very severe fall at Croydon on Tuesday, while riding Hope in the Maiden hurdle race. Fortunately, I believe, no bones were broken, but he was taken from the course to the stand in an insensible state.

"Atlas," in the *World*, gives currency to the following: "I am told Capt. Macell had had a wonderfully good time this year—the best since Hermit won the Derby. He has bought an estate—once I believe in the possession of his family—in the North of England with some of the proceeds."

Hazel has arranged a match of thirty miles with the Italian champion long distance runner, which is fixed to take place at Little Bridge on the 10th December.

CARACTACUS.

Aramis.

A great deal has been said of Ten Brock, the celebrated son of Phaeton, and Fanny Hollow who has won such great honor on the race track as the conqueror of time at all distances from one to four miles. On his account a halo of glory has been placed around the memory of Phaeton, and breeders throughout the country are deploring the early demise of so splendid a race-horse producer. Few horses have had such scant opportunities of making a big reputation by his get as he had, and few horses can show a better record. Most sires who have begotten good race horses have done so out of one particular strain or other with which their blood mixed, but Phaeton got good ones out of all sorts, and we feel almost inclined to say that had he been put to a working mare on three legs the produce, if any, would have delighted the heart of the fastest youth of our age.

Phaeton was undoubtedly a great loss to American breeders. But there is a satisfaction in knowing that he has left behind him some magnificent horses to perpetuate his memory and let us hope his reproductive ability. Not only is there the mighty Ten Brock, but there are King Alphonso, King Faro and St. Martin, besides Jack Hardy, the Nipper, Liebon and Patriot, all of which can run fast and stay. King Faro promises to be even as great a wonder as Ten Brock, for after an accident when starting out grandly in his two-year-old career he was let up till the Fall of this year. He won a splendid race in mile heats at Louisville, and gave indications of being troublesome to all comers in 1878.

Besides these above mentioned, Phaeton begot Aramis, and in Aramis we believe we have his best representative whether on the turf or as a stud horse. On the turf he showed terrific speed, when some accident or emergency in a race called forth this extra effort, otherwise he won unextinguished. It is true he defeated nothing extraordinarily good or even anything first-class, but as he was a very big colt, it was thought best not to draw him as fine as it would be necessary to do if he was expected to take high place in the best company. Having gotten a leg by an accident whilst at exercise, he was not kept in training, as it was thought even another year would benefit his large and growing frame.

He furnished well and gave every promise of making a grand record and his owner confidently expected to win both the Lexington Handicap and the Louisville Cup with him; but as he was trained at the execrable track down at New Orleans, with the rest of his owner's horses, his other leg was strained in one of the runs on the track. This accident was a source of considerable disgust to Mr. Hankins, and though the horse was got all right he was to gross to keep either of his two important engagements. Mr. Hankins determined then to reserve him for stud purposes. To this end he has been leased to Mr. S. Powers of Decatur, Ill., for the season of 1878, the consideration being the sum of \$1,000, cash in hand. Aramis stands now 18.1, is of immense substance and girth, and weighs in good, hard exercise condition 1175 lbs.

Mr. Powers has secured the services of a valuable horse and the breeders of Decatur and neighborhood have offered to them a strain of blood second to none. We give his turf career and his pedigree:

Aramis by imp. Phaeton, dam Nellie Gray, by Lexington: 2d dam Prunella, by imp. Glencoe; 3d dam Priscilla, by imp. Hedgeford; 4th dam by Bertrand; 5th dam by Cherokee; 6th dam by Bellaire, etc., etc. Phaeton was got by the great English sire, King Tom, out of Merry Sunshine, by Storm; 2d dam by Falstaff; 3d dam sister to Pompey, by Emilia; 4th dam Variation, by Busted; 5th dam Johanna Southcote, by Beaulongborough; 6th dam Lavinia, by Vlator; 7th dam by High-flyer; 8th dam by Cardinal Puff; 10th dam by Snip; 11th dam by Godolphin Arabian; 12th dam by Frampton's White Neck; 13th dam by Pelham Barb. Thus it will be seen Aramis has the very best of blood in his veins of England and America: Aramis is a beautiful bay, stands 18.1 in height, large bone, sound feet, and good eyes, and one of the best tempered horses we ever saw, and cannot help but be a first class sire.

He was foaled in 1876, and was purchased when a two-year old with his engagements, all but one of which were subsequently cancelled. Mr. Hankins, his owner, declining to go East where his entries had been made. The high hopes entertained by this shrewd turfman of the bay colt were realized in his three-year-old form. His first appearance was as a two-year-old at the Lexington Fall meeting in a stake, dash of one mile for colts and fillies. The event closed with twenty-one nominations, eleven of which were starters. Aramis got off badly. This left him nearly ten lengths behind, but ridden with good judgment he finally got up, and having the foot of all of them coming down the

straight, he was beaten out only a head by the Leamington filly, Katie Pearce, in 1:46½, giving promise of being a dangerous horse in the future. At Galesburg, Ill., same year, in a stake for two-year-olds, he outpaced the stable by winning, and exciting the enthusiasm of the racing men by his magnificent action. The time of the mile was 1:49. As a three-year-old he opened the campaign at Cambridge City, June 1st, showing his quality by winning a purse for three-year-olds, mile heats. The time was 1:45½, 1:45½. He was now kept going, and at the same place on June 3, he started for a purse of \$500, for all ages, mile heats, three in five, beating War Jig, Transfer, Lady Washington, and Port Leonard, and making his own running in 1:46½, 1:46½, 1:46½. The Summer meeting at Dexter Park, July 3, found another engagement for him. This was the Hotel Stakes, \$25 each, p. p., with \$300 added. He was thought to be short of the mark, but the stable was popular and in a lucky vein. The confidence of Mr. Hankins was not misplaced. He was trained by Mr. Jas. Conlisk, who brought him to the post in splendid condition, and the result here proved him to possess speed enough and indomitable game. His competitors were Winifred, Bill Butler, Jennie Rowett and Mollie B., but they might as well have been in their stalls, for they never had a chance to win the race. The pace was fast and up to the heat race. Time, 1:46½, 1:43½. On July 6, same meeting, he secured another good stake of a mile and a half, being again opposed by the old battalion, in 2:18. On the last day of the meeting the blue cap and sack were again triumphant in the stake race, mile heats, over Winifred, Gol Richey, Vicksburg and Mainsail. The latter was distanced in the first heat. The time was 1:45, 1:47½, 1:51½. This race will long be remembered by the race-goers in this section. With the knowing ones the previous performances of Aramis had placed him in high credit. He had also been very highly tried, and a heavy commission was in the market to back him. Through a foul in the second heat, by which he was run into the fence, his chances of getting within the distance were almost hopeless. When settled, his pace was terrific, finishing second, and but for this occurrence would doubtless have won it in two heats. His work was now stopped for the racing season, and, with the rest of the stable, wintered in fine shape at the farm of his owner, near McHenry, Ill. Competent horsemen justly regard Aramis as the best race-horse ever brought to the Northwest. To our own impression he fills the finest conception of the bloodhorse of high type—in form, magnificent speed and hard bottom.

National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders.

At the recent meeting of the executive committee, it was decided to open stakes for three, four, and five-year-old colts, to close on May 1 next, of \$125 each, entrance money \$25 and balance to be paid twenty days before meeting.

It was also decided to open stallion stakes for 2:30, 2:30 and 2:40 classes, to close May 1 next, and one for green horses. The six-year-old stake was given up.

The treasurer was directed to correspond with Buffalo, Cleveland and Rochester, and get the best terms for the Fall meeting.

It was also decided to open a new stake for foals of 1876, to be trotted for in the Fall of 1879, on the plan of the running stakes, and as recently adopted in Kentucky. It will be announced in due season as to details. This will make two stakes for foals of 1876 for the Fall meeting of 1879, and they will be trotted on different days.

Colts already entered for the stakes for foals of 1876 are eligible for this stake.

The plan is to enter colts without any payment; to declare out on a certain date on payment of \$10; to have right to declare out at a later date on payment of \$25; the forfeit to form part of the stakes and to make good before the meeting. It is believed that at least one hundred colts will be entered in such a stake.

ENTRIES TO STAKES OF SAVANNAH JOCKEY CLUB.—Savannah, Dec. 8, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The following are the entries to stakes for our approaching meeting. Yours etc.,

F. McFARLAND,

Sec. Savannah Jockey Club.

Savannah Cup.—For all ages; entrance \$30, p. p.; two miles; \$300 added; second horse to receive \$100 from stakes.

J. M. Wooding enters b f Berseba, four-years-old, by Bonnie Scotland, out of Lantana.

C. W. Medinger enters b c Wash Booth, four years old, by Asteroid, out of Vaudalia.

C. N. Pettingill enters ch c Rappabannock, four-years-old, by King Lear out of Fannie Washington.

Hugh Gaffney enters b g Burgoo, six-years-old, by imp. Hurrah, out of Emily Downing.

Ten Brock Stake.—For three-year-olds; entrance \$25, p. p.; one mile, \$200 added; second horse, \$100 from stakes.

J. M. Wooding enters ch c Burgundy by imp. Bonnie Scotland, out of La Bluette.

James Davis enters ch c Jim Bell by John Morgan, dam by Brown Dick.

C. W. Medinger enters b f Annie G. by imp. Phaeton, out of Kate Anderson by Sovereign.

Bonaventure Stake.—For four-year-olds; mile heats; entrance \$25, p. p.; \$200 added; second horse, \$75 from stakes; third horse to save stake.

J. M. Wooding enters b f Berseba by imp. Bonnie Scotland, out of Lantana.

M. H. Bayer enters ch f Gay by Lynchburg, out of Engine by Revenue.

C. W. Medinger enters b c Wash Booth by Asteroid, out of Vaudalia.

C. W. Medinger enters W. P. Burch's b c Tom Bancon by Lynchburg, out of Fannie Fisher.

C. W. Pettingill enters ch f. — by Asteroid.

Lamar Stake.—For three-year-olds; mile heats; entrance \$50, p. p.; \$350 added; second horse to receive \$150 from stakes; third horse to save stake.

J. M. Wooding enters ch c Burgundy, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, out of La Bluette.

James Davis enters ch c Jim Bell, by John Morgan, dam by Brown Dick.

C. W. Medinger enters b f Annie G. by imp. Phaeton, out of Kate Anderson, by Sovereign.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB.—The Louisiana Jockey Club closed a rather unprofitable Winter meeting on Dec. 10. The attendance was again small, notwithstanding that the weather was pleasant and the track in better condition than at any other time during the meeting.

Three races came off, the first being a dash of a mile, the second another mile dash, and the third four-mile heats.

The first race was the Howard Stakes for colts and fillies two years old; \$25 entrance, play or pay, with \$500 added, the second horse to receive \$100, the third \$50; winner of the Slocumb Stakes to carry seven pounds extra. One mile. This closed with nine nominations. The race was won by Mary R. by half a head, Captain Fred Rice second, and Momentum third; beating Duncan F. Kenner, Bonnie Barrouge, Jim Bell, Ambuscade and Wayfarer. Time, 1:49½. Duncan F. Kenner was the favorite in the pools on the track, selling for \$25, Mary R. \$20, Captain Fred Rice \$13, Ambuscade and Wayfarer each \$12, and the field \$10. The following are the

PREVIOUS WINNERS OF HOWARD STAKES.

Year.	Winners.	Subs.	Starters.	Time.
1874—Ballankee	26	9	1:40½	
1874—Pauline Sprague	10	4	2:06	
1875—Malmatic	16	8	1:53	
1876—Eva Shirley	4	4	1:52½	
1877—Mary R.	9	8	1:49½	

The second race was for a consolation purse of \$250, one mile, and was won by Little Sis by two lengths, Belle Isle second, and Belle Barkley third, beating Vermont and Miss Tilton. Time 1:48½. Pools on the track—Belle Isle \$25, Vermont \$25, Belle Barkley \$5, the field \$6. The French mutuels on Little Sis paid \$129.40.

The third race was for a club purse of \$300, four-mile heats. This event was won by St. Martin in two straight heats, Tenpin second. Time 8:13½, 8:40. Pools on the track—St. Martin \$100, Tenpin \$10.

DEXTER PARK.—This park after an existence of ten years will be turned over to its owners, the Union Stock Yards Company who propose utilizing it for business. In view of the stigma connected with racing in this locality a fair estimate may be made of the up hill work which had to be encountered by Col. Marsar during his management of the past four years. That he has made no money we are well satisfied, and with his retirement will follow the best wishes of the turfmen of the country.

BODINE.—Negotiations are now said to be pending for the purchase of this due son of Volunteer. Mr. W. H. Crawford, who engineered Little Gipsy and others the past season, and Mr. F. Schulenberg, former part owner of Little Fred, are thought to have an eye in that direction. Bodine is wintering at Freeport, Ill., in charge of Doc Hamilton, and is in fine shape.

SALE OF FRANK.—Frank Ferguson, New York, has purchased of Mr. Kingsley the black gelding Black Frank, by Benedict's Pathfinder. This horse is 16½ hands high, and trotted at Poughkeepsie last season in the 2:32 class, winning the first heat in 2:30. Price, \$5,000.

DEATH OF FLORA TEMPLE.—From 1858 to 1861 no horse was so well known in the United States as Flora Temple, and no men were much better known than her trainers and drivers, Hiram Woodruff and J. A. McMann. Hiram, the old field marshal, died some years ago, but Flora Temple lived until Friday evening, Dec. 21, when, at the ripe age of 32 years, she died on the farm of Mr. Aristides Welch, at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, where she had lived since her purchase by its owner, in 1864. Flora's early history, like that of many other old-time trotters, is very obscure. It is certain, however, that she was foaled in 1845, the property, according to "Frank Forester," of a Mr. Loomis, of Sangerfield, Oneida county, N. Y., the same authority saying that she was got by One-Eyed Kentucky Hunter, out of a mare, Madame Temple, who might or might not have had some good blood, though said to be by a spotted Arabian horse, owned by Horace Terry, and brought from Dutchess county, N. Y. Whatever may have been Flora's breeding, in 1850, after being driven on the road for some time and demonstrating that she was really of some account, she won a match over the old Red House track, at Harlem, and followed it up by winning a sweepstakes over the Union course, on Long Island. She did not trot in 1851, owing to an accident, but in 1852 she began a career of which there was no previous equal, and which has only in a measure been approximated by that of Goldsmith Maid. In eleven years she won ninety-three races and lost eighteen, one of them being declared "off," netting, according to "The Horse of America," a total of \$113,000. In regard to this large sum it must be said that most of Flora's trots were for matches at from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side, the large, so-called purses, made up by the 10 per cent. entrances, being unknown in her day. Of Flora, however, it must be said that she was the first horse to trot below 2:30, winning at Kalamazoo, Mich., in harness, on Oct. 15, 1859, a third heat in 2:19 3/4, from Princess and Honest Anne; previous to which, however, she had trotted two miles in harness in 4:50 1/2, over the Eclipse course, L. I., which is still the best time on record for the distance, in harness. Flora made one effort to trot twenty miles within the hour, but was pulled up lame in the twelfth mile. She also tried to beat the Dutchman's time at three miles (7:32 1/4), but failed after two trials, which she did in 7:33 1/4, and 7:43 1/4. Flora's last trot for money was on Sept. 5, 1861, when she was beaten by Ethan Allen, and running mate, to wagon. At that time she was owned by Mr. Wm. McDonald, and he, being suspected of sympathy with the then Southern Confederacy, the mare was seized, but on orders from Washington she was restored to Mr. McDonald, who took her home to Baltimore, where she remained until her sale, by reason of Mr. McDonald's death, in October, 1861, to Mr. Welch, for the sum of \$5,000. Mr. Welch bred Flora three times, her first foal was a filly (foaled April 30, 1868), by Rydyk, a son of Rydyk's Hambletonian, which Mr. A. B. Conger bought for \$1,500, and subsequently sold to Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York. The second foal was a colt (foaled June 2, 1869), by William Welch, also a son of Rydyk's Hambletonian, which was called Prince Imperial, and sold to Mr. Bonner for \$5,000. The third foal was a filly by imported Leamington, thoroughbred, foaled Jan. 28, 1871, which Mr. Robert Steele, of Philadelphia, paid \$2,000 for, since which time it may be said that Flora Temple has gradually wasted away. Last Summer, on the day of the sale of thoroughbred yearlings, she was shown to visitors, simply a skeleton of skin and bone, with scarcely strength enough to stand on her feet. She has always had the best of treatment, and so particular was Mr. Welch, who for the last three years has expected her death, that she was never left more than an hour or two at a time without a watchful attendant. What disposition Mr. Welch will make of her remains is not yet known, but certainly her skin, bones, and hoofs should be utilized in some way to perpetuate her memory.

SALE OF TROTTERS.—The sale of Gerry Brown's trotters took place last week, at Barker's Tattersall, New York, and brought fair prices; sixteen head brought \$8,255, or an average of \$516 a head.

Rifle.

That Unaccountable Miss.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 21, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Is there a long range marksman in existence who has not cursed, either loud and strong, or down in the innermost recesses of his heart that "unaccountable miss?" The better the marksman—the more steady and calculating his every movement, the more utterly "unaccountable" does that miss become. It will break a fine run of bull's eyes as resolutely as a cold breaks a broom-handle over a victim's head, and there is no satisfaction in either case.

But are these misses quite unaccountable? If you ask Bruce, Blydenburgh, Selph, Milner, Thompson, or any other of the great experts they will say that there was no possible reason for such a miss. They held plumb onto the bull's eye, had windage all right, allowed enough elevation, watched the flags closely, had the sights upright and were altogether as steady and as sure of scoring another bull's eye when the trigger was given the final squeeze as if they already saw the white disc come up. But yet the white disc does not come up and the anxious marksman, after long lingering gives it up and curses his luck, or, if of a particularly Christian spirit, wonders to what heaven of departed bullets, that particular one winged its flight. Yet I think if these gentlemen were to pause and consider, they might find a reason for these misses.

At what ranges do the unaccountable misses occur with the greatest frequency? I think the records will show that they come in with most disgusting force at 900 and 1,000 yards, and that the longer the range the more is the liability to make these incomprehensible mistakes.

On most ranges we find streamers stuck out on poles, some twenty or thirty feet high, every 150 or 200 yards, whilst at the end of the range there will most likely be a heavy flag floating out from a mast fifty or sixty feet high, and by this flag and the streamers along the range are the wind gauges and elevation adjusted.

Is it not an accepted fact that the direction and velocity of wind currents vary at different elevations, and that sometimes, when but a gentle Zephyr is kissing the tips of the flowers, and whispering into the ears of corn, a very strong wind is rushing along at a high rate of speed some 50 or 100 feet above, and perhaps across the track of Zephyr; and it is even possible that two such currents of different velocities and directions may be found in such a height.

It is of but little use then for us to know merely the velocity and force of the wind at one altitude. We should know its variations at all elevations to which the projectile will ascend in its flight to the target, for if we do not, our calculations, based upon what we know will be met in half the journey, may be utterly thrown out by what we do not know of the conditions in the other half of the journey.

At the target end of every range there should be a flagstaff at least 115 feet high, so that the topmost pennant may float as high as the culminating point of the trajectory of rifles at 1,000 yards, the longest range shot over, as a rule, in this country. This pole should have pennants of equal length and weight, floating at every twenty feet of its length, and these would supply an indicator, showing the varying direction and velocity of the wind throughout the path of the bullet. It is better that this pole should be at the target end of the range than anywhere else, for it will be nearer the highest point in the trajectory, which varies, according to the range, from three-fifths to three-quarters of the distance. Roughly speaking then the ball of the Creedmoor rifle, when fired at a target 1,000 yards off, is 110 feet above the horizontal plane between the muzzle of the rifle and the target when it has traveled about 750 yards. It is from this point that the wind exerts a rapidly increasing influence upon the ball which is going ahead slower and downwards faster at each succeeding instant. It is of this part of its passage through the air that we want to know most before we dispatch it.

I may be arguing from unsound premises, but I fancy that if we only knew more about the bullet during this stage of its flight, we should prevent some, at least, of those "unaccountable misses."

When shooting at the 1,000 yard range the bullet descends from the culminating point of its trajectory about one foot in seven of its onward flight, so that if it is retarded about 24 feet beyond calculation, there is a miss under the target; if, however, the flight is accelerated that distance, there is a miss over the target.

From Messrs. Remington & Sons' pamphlet, on their breech-loading arms and ammunition, I extract the following table of elevations for their 44 calibre Creedmoor rifle at the various ranges:

Ranges.	Minutes.	Ranges.	Degrees.	Minutes.
100 yds.	10	600 yds.	1	13
200 "	20	700 "	1	26
300 "	32	800 "	1	43
400 "	45	900 "	1	58
500 "	58	1,000 "	2	15

"It will be observed that in this table the elevation for one hundred yards is ten minutes. From slight differences in the taper of barrel, crook of stock, and other causes, this elevation must often be increased or diminished, and when this is the case, the difference must be added to or taken from the other elevations given in the table. For example, if it is found that the correct reading on the sight leaf is twelve minutes for one hundred yards, then two minutes must be added to the elevations given in the table; while if it should be found to be eight minutes, then two minutes must be subtracted throughout."

Each minute of elevation on the vernier scale corresponds to about one inch for each one hundred yards of range. From the nature of the case it is impossible to construct a table of elevations which shall be exactly correct for more than one single gun; nor will any two men shoot exactly alike with the same gun and the same sights. The table

is the result of careful experiment, and is given as an assistant to the marksman in getting at the exact elevations that suit himself, his gun and his powder. The variation from the table will not be very great in any case. I thus arrive at the culminating point of the bullet from the Remington Creedmoor fired under ordinary circumstances at the various yards from three hundred yards up.

Yards.	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1,000
Feet.	8	15	24	36 1/2	51	68 1/2	88 1/2	112

WILL O' THE WISP.

Rifle in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Dec. 17, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have had a great pressure of business, so have been unable to post you on matters here lately; but I thought I would get in an account of the match between the long range marksmen of this city and their brothers of Oakland, in time for your Christmas number which I am anxiously looking forward to. This was the first long range team match shot in this section of the country and its happy result and the bringing together of the fraternity of the trigger will impel the science and practice of marksmanship forward a considerable distance. The match was shot on the 12th inst., and resulted in favor of the San Francisco club who made a better average showing, whilst the good score was on the other side, and the poor one. Two Rigby muzzle loaders were conspicuous in the San Francisco team. The day was very fine and the sport thoroughly enjoyable to the participants. The terms of the match were: Eight men from each club, to shoot at 1,000 yards; ten scoring shots each, with two sighting shots; positions, any, without artificial rest; N. R. A. rules to govern. H. C. Smith acted as captain of the San Francisco team, and A. J. Simmons for the Oakland team. Captain Randlett, of the Oakland Guard was chosen referee.

SAN FRANCISCO TEAM.

Fred. J. Blinn	5 3 3 5 3 4 5 4 3 5—40
H. C. Smith	3 5 4 5 3 5 5 4 3 3—40
J. Robertson	3 5 2 3 4 5 5 4 4 3—38
Frank G. Edwards	4 3 5 3 4 5 5 3 2—38
H. J. Burns	5 3 5 4 4 0 4 2 4—36
J. G. Leibert	0 3 2 3 5 3 5 3 4 5—33
R. C. Hanson	2 3 3 3 3 4 3 4 2—29
Frank Miller	3 4 3 5 0 4 2 3 3 2—28

OAKLAND TEAM.

R. McKillop	5 4 4 5 5 4 3 5 4 3—42
S. I. Kellogg, Jr.	5 5 2 4 5 4 5 5 4 0—39
A. J. Simmons	0 3 5 4 4 4 3 5 3 3—36
E. H. Pardee	4 4 0 5 3 5 4 3 3 3—34
H. Sweetapple	0 3 5 5 4 4 5 4 0—33
W. N. Miller	2 2 5 0 4 3 3 5 4 3—32
E. J. Webster	5 4 2 0 3 4 3 3 3 2—29
D. B. Bankhead	0 5 0 3 0 0 3 5 0 2—18

FAIRCO.

RIFLE AT SALT LAKE.—Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 18.—**Editor Chicago Field:**—Some time since, Mr. Spens, of this city, presented an oil painting (the work of his brush) to the Pioneer Rifle Club. The conditions of competition were arranged as follows: Five shots off hand at 400 yards, and five shots lying down at 500 yards, the marksman making the highest aggregate in any three scores to take the picture at the expiration of three months. Mr. Meears agreed to shoot off-hand at both ranges, and to handicap himself two points on the match, which, of course, made it comparatively easy to win. Mr. Oscar Vandercok, a new and enthusiastic member of the club, has the honor of carrying off the prize, with the best wishes of all the boys at the same time, as he has won the hearts of all the riflemen by his many courtesies extended to them. The scores made for the picture are as follows:

	400 Yds.	500 Yds.
G. Vandercok	21 23 20—63	22 21 23—66
A. J. Meears	23 21—66	31 32 30—93
R. W. Dye	21 19 21—61	19 23 22—64
J. H. Latay	17 20 23—60	22 21 21—64
F. C. Sharkey	31 19 19—59	19 23 21—63
T. Stone	14 10 18—42	19 20 18—57

A match for the badge of honor of the above club was shot, yesterday, with the following result: Meears still holds the badge on his 46. Ten shots at 200 yards:

R. W. Dye	4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4—44
G. A. Meears	5 4 5 5 3 4 5 4 4 4—44
F. C. Sharkey	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—41
J. H. Latay	4 4 3 5 4 5 3 4 4 4—40
G. Vandercok	5 4 5 3 4 4 4 4 3 3—39
T. Stone	3 4 4 3 3 3 3 4 3 4—34

BULLSEYE.

RIFLE AT MILWAUKEE.—Dec. 19, 1877.—**Editor Chicago Field:**—As fine weather is not likely to be of long duration, a few members of the rifle club decided to have another day's practice at long range before bidding farewell to the year 1877.

They intended to shoot 15 shots at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, but on account of the fog, they had to quit at the thirteenth shot at 900. The first six shots at 900 yards were made when it was hardly possible to see the target, and were therefore not quite as good as the other shooting, which was excellent for this season of the year.

The members were pleased to welcome Mr. John Meunier on the range, who, in a few shots, showed that he could make bull's eyes as well as ever, notwithstanding the loss of one eye. The scores were as follows—15 shots at 800, and 13 at 900:

J. Johnstone	800—4 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5—71
David Hill	900—3 5 3 3 3 4 5 5 4 5 5 5—54
	800—5 3 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4—68
H. T. Drake	900—5 5 0 5 4 5 5 3 4 5 5—58
	800—3 5 4 4 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 5—65
E. Fielding	900—5 5 5 0 3 5 4 5 5 5 4 3—54
	800—0 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 3 5—61
J. C. Welles	900—3 4 5 0 4 3 4 3 5 4 3 2—45
	800—4 3 4 5 5 0 5 4 3 4 5 4—60
	900—3 3 3 3 5 5 4 2 4 0 3 4—41

BIG SANDY.

The Chicago Field Badge.

The following letter and report from the committee will explain itself:

CHICAGO, Dec. 8, 1877.

Col. E. D. SWAIN, President Thomas Post G. A. R. Rifle Club:—Dear Sir:—Being pleased with the management and progress of your young Club, and skill shown in your very creditable off-hand style of shooting, I have been led in behalf of my paper to offer for competition to all members of your Club, a suitable gold badge to rank as first prize, and be known as the CHICAGO FIELD BADGE, on terms conditional as be low:

- 1st. This first prize badge to become the personal property of the person making the highest aggregate score, through this series of competitions.
- 2d. The number of competitions in this series shall be ten, and ten only.
- 3d. The number of shots allowed each competitor, in each competition of this series, shall be ten and ten only—provided each competitor registers in good faith—to complete the series, viz: one hundred shots.
- 4th. Your Club must provide by entrance fee, donation, or otherwise, not less than six prizes, to rank as second prize, third prize, and so on in regular order, to the end that a large entry may thus be obtained.
- 5th. The second prize to be awarded to the person making the second highest aggregate score through the series; and the third prize in like manner to the party making the third highest aggregate score through the series, and so on in regular order, till all the prizes have been disposed of.
- 6th. All competitors must register in full their correct names, before shooting for these prizes; and the number of entries must equal or exceed fifteen.
- 7th. One competition, and one only allowed each week. Each competition to commence Monday and close Friday evening at ten o'clock.
- 8th. All competitors must shoot their scores when due, (sickness or unavoidable absence excepted), or be counted out.
- 9th. Any person prevented by sickness or unavoidable absence from shooting his score when due, shall be allowed to shoot his ten shots on Saturday, or any day of the following week, Saturday excepted.
- 10th. One score of ten shots, and ten only will be allowed each competitor on any one day or evening.
- 11th. All shooting for these prizes to be off-hand, in a standing position, on a reduced Creedmoor target, bulls eye three-fourths of an inch; and each competitor to stand within a twenty-four inch square, or circle, while shooting for these prizes.
- 12th. All shooting must be done with a 22 100 calibre rifle—using the short Union metallic cartridges as they run. Carrying out all magnifying or other glasses used on gun or eye—and all hair triggers.
- 13th. Reports of each competition to be given me by your register keeper, on Saturday of each week during the series, after being taken from a sealed box and counted in your presence.
- 14th. Yourself, or an officer appointed by you, to score all shots made by your register keeper, when shooting for these prizes.

15th. The cartridges must not be tampered with by any one, and the result of each shot to go on record as made; counting from the time notice is given your register keeper, (or any person authorized by you to act as such), that he is ready to shoot his score.

16th. All targets to be destroyed when completed, and the correct result of each shot recorded on score cards provided for this purpose, and then placed in a sealed box by register keeper.

17th. Creedmoor rules to govern the settlement of all ties.

N. ROWE.

Editor Chicago Field.

At a special meeting of Thomas Post G. A. R. Rifle Club, held at the residence of the President, Thursday evening, Dec. 13, action was taken upon the very kind and generous offer of Dr. N. Rowe, editor of the CHICAGO FIELD, which was unanimously accepted, and a committee of three appointed to wait upon him and suitably acknowledge the generous and unexpected offer, and at the same time request that a longer time than six days be allowed for each competition, which was granted.

Resolved, That the entrance fee for each and every competition through the series shall be 25 cents, payable in advance.

1st prize, CHICAGO FIELD BADGE, \$25; 2d prize, cash, \$12; 3d prize, cash, \$10; 4th prize, cash, \$7; 5th prize, cash, \$5; 6th prize, cash, \$3; 7th prize, cash, \$2; 8th prize, cash, \$1.

First competition to begin January 7, 1878.

COMMITTEE.

The N. R. A.

LAS ANIMAS FORKS, CAL., Dec. 20, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Will you allow an enthusiastic rifleman to endorse your views on the National Rifle Association. Until we have a national association we cannot expect marksmanship to become popular because there is at present no means of exciting individual or sectional rivalry. Our country is so extensive that one club is many miles away from another, and though we may get up matches by telegraph, as between Denver and Salt Lake City lately there is not that interest attached to a contest where men do not meet as where the contestants shoot side by side, and are screwed up to a high pitch by the various exigencies of fortune.

Personal rivalry or the acquisition of money or prizes is necessary to stimulate a man to exertion in these prosaic days. In the olden time a crown of olive or parsley twigs was enough for the victor—and so it might in these days if the fact of winning the crown, was heralded all over the land as the glory of glories. Still, though men now-a-days even are eager for glory, they like the tangible rewards of victory.

Then again, travel is expensive and after a man has journeyed far, he wants some return for the time and money expended. Few of us can afford to put out a lot of money for the mere honor of taking an honorary award; but if with the honor we could win sufficient money to pay our expenses of journeying, we would run the risk of not winning, setting that chance of not winning against the glory of winning.

No Western or Southern marksman is going to New York to shoot for prizes. First, the prizes are too small and not worth the trouble and time expended in winning them; secondly, the chances of an outsider winning on Creedmoor are very small, for how can a man be expected to go onto a strange range and successfully compete with those who know every trick and change of wind and weather. It is impossible. And I look upon Selph and Jackson as wonderful marksmen for the fine scores they made at Creedmoor. Jackson's 212 on his second day's practice was splendid, and stamps him as an A marksman of extraordinary ability. But as we are not all Jacksons we will not run the risk of spending \$150 to \$200 for the mere fun of shooting; we can get that anywhere for next to nothing.

What America wants to put her on a sound footing regarding marksmanship is a National Association, subsidized as you say by the National Government. But even if it was not so subsidized, I believe there are marksmen enough to subscribe ten thousand dollars at once to any organization that would guarantee to give a good week's shooting at any central location.

I think Louisville would be almost better for the South than St. Louis or Indianapolis but from either city a good range could be secured for the sole use of the National Association, and either of those cities would contribute liberally for the privilege of entertaining the marksmen. Such a meeting with big purses of from \$500 to \$100 hung up would draw a thousand riflemen together.

When they returned home, some with the spoils, others without them, those who brought the spoils would arouse the ambition of their fellows, and those that returned empty handed, would vow to win them another time, and would practice assiduously so to do. There would be plenty of practice then, and your pages would not have to yearn for scores to publish.

Could you not take a hand in organizing this association. It looks now as if the *Spirit of the Times* was going in for something of that sort, but the *Spirit* would have to depart from its trucking habits and come boldly out to do any good.

We marksmen look to the CHICAGO FIELD to help us in this. We hope that no mere nominal organization will be again allowed to usurp authority.

PER MARE PER TERRAM.

HE IS NOT FAR WRONG.—Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 22, 1877.—**Editor Chicago Field:**—Your paper this week is splendid, and its promise of next week's edition is cheering. I have not written for a long time, so take this opportunity of corresponding and also of making a few remarks on the article in your rifle column "What Rigby says of them."

On one point he is right. The Creedmoor rifle is not a practical weapon, is not a weapon for rough and ready shooting in the forest or on the plains where a man has neither time, opportunity, nor material for cleaning out. No hunter or Indian fighter would use a Creedmoor if he could get almost any other weapon, but he prefers an easily managed weapon like the Henry or Winchester repeater or Sharp's sporting rifle, but even these latter are apt to get out of gear.

But then, Rigby needn't extol the government Martini, as a military, or any other weapon. If our Creedmoors are useless in one way the Martini is useless as a soldier's gun. It kicks so. In fact, after a few rounds, it kicks like a whole drove of Kentucky mules and no ordinary sized man could stand the racket. Even big men would require some considerable pluck to fire forty rounds out of it without a clean out.

Of course it is to Rigby's interest to run down the American match rifles, and belittle them if he can; but as match rifles, they are ahead of anything yet invented, because they are breech-loaders. In matches we are supposed to aim at accuracy of marksmanship and that alone. We have time enough to clean out and wipe dry and go through all the manoeuvres desired before our turn comes around again, and if these assist us in accuracy well and good, let them be continued. Of course, if the match was to test accuracy and efficiency of weapons, then no cleaning should be allowed; each gun should stand on its merits, and the most efficient service weapon would inevitably come to the front, as men would get round to using that which was best fitted to the end to be arrived at and follow the scores.

That was pretty sound on the N. R. A. We don't want any hole-in-the-corner legislation for the benefit of private clubs. We do want a National Rifle Association; but I really can't write any more, and must leave that subject to some other time.

PRAIRIE.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 20, 1877.—**Editor Chicago Field:**—We all know you are the enemy of hollows and pretense in sporting matters, and we fully expected you to hit straight from the shoulder when you did go extensively into the inwards of the National Rifle Association of New York. One chief cause of the laxity of the many good marksmen which we have among us, regarding forming a rifle club has been the variety of local rifle clubs without any leading organization. It has seemed to us that we would be forming a limb to a body which had no head.

We do want a National Association, and I fear that you are only too right, and that the practice and science of marksmanship will linger along, and perhaps die out altogether, if some exertions are not made to form an organization which will be acceptable to all sections of the country alike and recognized as the *centur morum* in rifle matters. Such a body ought certainly to receive support from the United States government, and large and handsome prizes should be offered both for individual shooting and for inter-state and inter-club matches, as the former help a man to pay expenses and the latter rouse an extraordinary spirit of rivalry that goes into the uttermost parts of the country, and rouses even "Brazos" and "Podunk" to do battle before the targets. Such an association would command the suffrages of marksmen, and we should gather at its meetings, and international matches shot under its management, would not fall of being national, at all events on our part. We are, as a race, ambitious of individual distinction, and if it had not been that the generality of marksmen fully appreciated the fact that the N. R. A. had only made a pretense of calling forth national competition, and that the chances of an outsider obtaining the coveted honor were very slim, there would have been representatives of many a State competing at Creedmoor last Summer.

Punch along! Let us have a truly national association. I do not speak as one having authority, but of this I am sure, that St. Louis would very soon and the National Rifle Association a good range. There are lots of good marksmen here and when the time of action comes the Mound City will doubtless do herself credit.

ST. LOUISIAN.

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For price, etc., apply to HENRY C. KNOX, Enon Valley, Pa. 8-16-4t

FOR SALE—IRISH RED SETTERS.

Some very handsome Setters to be sold out of Mr. Nuttall's Champion Maybe, dam of the St. Louis Club's Champion Leo II. etc., by Champion Pinnerston; also some young dogs and bitches bred by Mr. Nuttall. For pedigrees and particulars, apply to P. MURPHY, Keeper of A. F. NUTTALL, Esq., Titour, Newtown, Mount Kennedy, Co. Wicklow, Ireland. 8-16-ly

Red Irish Stud Setters.

The undersigned announces that the imported red Irish setter dogs Thorstein and Sling II are in the stud. Address all communications to C. B. WHITFORD, 706 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo. 8-19-ly

ENGLISH SPORTING DOGS.—Pursuing to enjoy a trip through the States chiefly with the view of gaining some notion of the sport of the country, Mr. J. H. Scott, of Kilvington, Yorkshire, Eng., desires to intimate his willingness to bring with him beyond those intended for his own use a select team of well-bred animals, such as may be desired by American sportsmen, and to this end begs to invite communications. Address as above. N. B.—Mr. Scott will leave England by one of the earliest steamers in January. 8-15-4t

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—For sale my handsome orange and white setter bitch, thirteen months old by imported France out of Russia; thoroughly broken; fine retriever; a first class worker on chickens and quails. Price \$50. This is an opportunity that rarely offers to get a first class dog at less than what it costs to have one broken. Also a red setter bitch of good stock, but unbroken at a low figure. 8-17-ly

B. HOLMES, Guthrie, Ford Co., Ill.

FOR SALE.—The setter dog Boss, o. end w., large, one year, by Champion France, out of Rust; price, \$35. Also the bitch Zita, o. and w., one year, lat at Syracuse, N. Y., full pedigree; price \$50. Won't do to breed to Boss, and sell the pair cheaper. Also the duck retriever bitch Ruff, black, thoroughly broken; will retrieve anything, land or water, fetch or carry anything; will carry game ten miles. Price \$50. WILLIAM VIE, 1,700 Benton street, St. Louis, Mo. 8-7-ly

FOR SALE.—Orange and white puppies. One (Jim) 15 months, broken; two (ones and Britan), 7 months; also, Mike, 20 months, a dropper, liver and white ticked; large, thoroughly broken, retriever on land and water; pedigree warranted. Address, WM. VIE, 1700 Benton St., St. Louis, Mo. 7-22-ly

FOR SALE.—Four thoroughbred, deep red Irish setter pups, by imported champion Setter Joe, and out of Beas, she by Pat, out of Biddy, both imported. Also a thoroughly broken setter of the Glidersieve strain; and a fine thoroughbred broken pointer. For particulars address HORACE SMITH, No. 38 Park Row, New York. 8-17-ly

FINE BRED PUPS FOR SALE.—I now have a few pups for sale out of my imported bitches Carrie, Nell and Fan, by imported Plunket, and Rappi, prices to meet the times. W. J. FARRAR, Toledo, Ohio. 7-24-ly

KENNEL.

SPIKE COLLARS.—Spike and Choke Collars, by means of which dogs of ANY AGE OR BREED, no matter how long hunted, or what the disposition, can be taught to fetch and carry, and to retrieve game in a most perfect manner, with no play about it. Dogs broken of gun-shyness and whip-shyness, made steady before and behind, and "to heel" steadily, prevents lugging on the chain, besides a much more extended sphere of usefulness. Price, with directions for using, \$3. Kennel Collars, which no dog can get over his head; price, \$1. Patent applied for. Made adjustable to fit any dog. Address, M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del. 6-23-ly

FOR SALE.—For sale when eight weeks old, six PUPPIES out of my blue belton setter Mell by Rob Roy. They are black and white; two of them are black, white and tan, and are almost perfect images of their sire. For particulars, address L. F. WHITMAN, No. 5 City Hall, Detroit, Mich. 7-16-ly

E. B. GOLDSMITH, Custom House Broker and Forwarding Agent, 58 Wall Street, New York, makes a specialty of receiving and forwarding to any destination Dogs, Fowls and Live Stock. Importers desiring information in regard to the best methods of ordering, shipping, etc., should write to him. 8-5-6mos

WANTED.—An A. No. 1 setter dog; must be perfectly broken to drop to shot, to wing, to back, and to retrieve from land or water. Dog must be shown in the field on game. Price, within reason, no object for a dog that will suit. Address L. B. C., Post office, New York. 8-17-ly

FOR SALE.—Three Norfolk Spaniel puppies, fifteen weeks old, \$25 a pair; also a beautiful pair of lemon and white setter puppies five months old, sired by J. Edward's dog, Ike. Price, \$75. Address, J. G. VAN HORN, 132 So. Clark St. 8-13-ly

FOR SALE.—Cheasapeake Bay Dogs. Pups (2 months old) by "Turk" (winner of lat prize over 15 best dogs in the State at Last Baltimore Show, Jan., 1877), dam "Flora," same strain as "Turk." Address, S. J. MAR-TENET, Jr., City Surveyor's Office, Baltimore, Md. 8-12-2t

BREKER WANTED.—A thoroughly competent Breker, must come well recommended. A man of family preferred; house rent free; state terms. Address C. K. B., 30 South St., Baltimore, Md. 8-10-4t

IMPORTED ENGLISH RETRIEVER.—For sale—A fine four-year-old dog of G-race's celebrated strain; warranted thoroughly broken; price \$75. Address C. MESSITER, care CHICAGO FIELD. 8-17-4t

FOR SALE.—Field Trial setter dog Storm, by Champion Paris out of Ruth, by Rake out of Dart; 18 months old and broken. For pedigree and price address L. H. SMITH, Strathroy, Ontario, Canada. 8-18-3t

FOR SALE.—Two dogs and two bitch puppies out of Champion Duck, by Champion Bob, both imported pure Irish setters. For pedigree and particulars address E. F. STODARD, Dayton, O. 8-20-4t

THE DOG BREAKER'S GUIDE.—Train your own dogs in the most artistic manner. "The Dog Breaker's Guide" sent for three cent stamp. M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del. 8-1-ly

COCKER SPANIELS.—For cocker spaniels of the choicest breeds. Inquire of C. B. CUMMINGS & SONS, South Aekworth, N. H. 8-14-4mos

SPRATT'S DOG BISCUITS for Sale in small or large quantities, by F. P. Taylor, 72 East Madison St., Chicago. 8-1-ly

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dudley's Patent Pocket Cartridge Loader.

Extracts, uncaps, recaps, loads, crimps, and crimps or turns in the ends of cartridge shells. Weighs 4 oz. and is adapted to both paper and metallic shells. Sent free by mail in a strong box on receipt of price. Nickel plated, \$2.00; polished, \$1.75; Japanese, \$1.50. For further particulars, address

8-2-3mos DUDLEY & CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

FREE MAMMOTH OUTFIT TO EVERYBODY. Steam-winter travel free with first order. Ten Dollars a day guaranteed. M. CRONKSHAW & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., or Milwaukee, Wis. 8-1-ly

PURCHASING BUREAU.

The subscriber having devoted full fifty years of his life to field sports, has opened rooms in the city of New York for the purpose of selecting and supplying sportsmen throughout the country with everything they may need in the way of shooting and fishing implements, including books upon sporting and other subjects.

Great care will be given in the selection of guns, both new and second hand; and all purchasers will be allowed a trial before purchasing.

The best remedies for all diseases of dogs and and horses will be forwarded to order. For mange, canker and worms a sure cure can be forwarded by mail.

All kinds of shooting clothing, including boots and shoes of the most approved styles and of the best materials, and shooting trunks under expressly for traveling sportsmen; and as no skillful sportsman, shooting over dogs, ever goes to the field without a whip and whistle he has both of his own invention, which are far more effective and convenient to carry than any others in use.

Setters and pointers of the very best native and imported strains, artistically broken, always on hand.

The subscriber having been selected as their agent for the CHICAGO FIELD for this city, the rooms occupied will always be open for the reception of the friends of that paper and for all sportsmen from distant sections of the country, when visiting the city, and where will be found on file, all the principal sporting papers of the country, and where every facility will be extended to those wishing to subscribe to or advertise in this widely circulating journal.

8-17-1year HORACE SMITH, No. 38 Park Row, N. Y.

The Chicago Field:

A Journal for the Sportsmen of To-Day.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

170 E. Madison St. Chicago.

THE FIELD is a complete weekly review of the higher branches of sport—Shooting, Fishing, Racing and Trotting, Aquatics, Base Ball, Cricket, Billiards, and General Sporting News.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, \$4.00—Six Months, \$2.00
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AGATE ... 1 LINE. 1 MONTH. 3 MOS. 6 MOS. 1 YEAR

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Special Notices in reading-matter columns, with word advertisement after them, fifty cents per line, each insertion.

Kennel Advertisements, twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion, and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion. If displayed, \$3.50 per inch for first, and \$2.50 for each subsequent insertion. Wants and Wxchanges, three cents per word, each insertion.

Fur Quotations.

Corrected weekly by Eddy, Harvey & Carter, Fur Dealers and Manufacturers, 239 and 241 Madison St., Chicago.

	No.1.	No.2.	No.3.	No.4.
MINK—Michigan and Minn.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
N. Wis. and Lake Sup.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Indiana and S. Mich.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
S. Wis. and Ohio	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Ill., Iowa and Neb.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Territories	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Missouri and Southern	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
MUSKRAT—Fall.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Winter.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Spring.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
RACCOON—Mich., Ohio, Ind.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
All other States.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
FOX—Red.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Grey.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Kit.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Silver.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Cross.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
OTTER—L. Sup. & L. Mich.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Other States.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
BEAVER—Lake Sup. per lb.	1.25	1.00	0.75	0.50
Western, per lb.	1.00	0.75	0.50	0.25
WOLF—Mountain.	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.50
Prairie.	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.50
SKUNK—Mich. & Ohio, Black.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Other States, Black.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Narrow Stripes.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Wide Stripes.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
FISHER—Minn., L. Sup., Wis.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Western.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
MARTEN—Common.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Fine, Very Dark, ex.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
LYNX—Cased.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Open.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
BEAR—Black.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Black Cubs.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Grizzly.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Brown.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
WOLVEN—Large and Dark.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
WILD CATS—Common to Good.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
BADGER—Common to Good.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
OPUSUM—Common to Good.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
DEER SKIN—Dry, per lb.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
ANTELOPE—Dry, per lb.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
Indian Tan'd, per lb.	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50

SPRING MEETING

OF THE

St. Louis Jockey Club

FIVE DAYS,
Commencing June 4, 1878.

FIRST DAY.—Ladies' Stake, for two-year-old fillies; 3-mile dash; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; \$500 added, of which second horse to get \$100, third horse to save his stake.
SAME DAY.—The January Stake, for three-year-olds; mile heats; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; \$800 added, of which second horse to get \$200, third horse to save his stake.

SECOND DAY.—The Greeley Stake, for all ages; 3-mile dash; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; \$500 added, of which second horse to get \$100, third horse to save his stake.
SAME DAY.—The Planter's House Stake, for two-year-old colts; 3-mile dash; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; \$500 added, of which second horse to get \$100, third horse to save his stake.

THIRD DAY.—Garneau Cup, value \$300 in plate or money; for all ages; mile heats; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; second horse to get \$100 out of the stake, third horse to save his stake; five to enter, three to start.

SAME DAY.—Merchants' Stake, for three-year-olds; mile heats; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; \$800 added, of which second horse to get \$200 out of stake, third horse to save his stake. Winner of the January Stake to carry 5 lbs. extra.

FOURTH DAY.—The Lindell Hotel Post Stake, for all ages; 2-mile heats; \$100 entrance, play or pay; \$1,000 added, of which second horse to get \$200, third horse to save his stake.

FIFTH DAY.—The Lucas and Hunt Stake, for two-year-old colts and fillies; 1-mile dash; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; \$500 added, of which second horse to get \$100, third horse to save his stake.

SAME DAY.—The Blow Stake, for all ages; 3-mile heats; \$50 entrance, play or pay; \$1,000 added; the second horse to get \$200 out of stake, third horse to save his stake.

In the above Stakes there must be five to enter and three to start.

The winners of the Ladies' Stake, for two-year-old fillies, and Planter's House Stake, for two-year-old colts, to carry 5 lbs. extra in the Lucas and Hunt Stake, or colts and fillies two years old.

The Blow Stake, 3-mile heats.
The rules of the Louisville Jockey Club, of Kentucky, to govern, except two-year-olds to carry 100 lbs.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lbs.

The above stakes to close February 1, 1878.

All entries to be addressed to

Jas. L. Patterson, Sec'y,
No. 210 N. Eighth St., St. Louis, Mo.

SAVANNAH Jockey Club.

The following stakes are now open, to close on December 1, 1877:

RACE MEETING,

Jan'y 15, 17 and 19, 1878.

TEN BROCK STAKE.—For three year olds; entrance 25, p. p.; one mile; \$200 added; second horse, \$100 from stakes.

SAVANNAH CUP.—For all ages; entrance \$30, p. p.; two miles; \$300 added; second horse to receive \$200 from stakes.

BONAVENTURE STAKE.—For four year olds; mile heats; entrance \$25, p. p.; \$200 added; second horse, \$75 from stakes; third horse to save stake.

LAMAR STAKE.—For three year olds; mile heats; entrance \$50, p. p.; \$350 added; second horse to receive \$150 from stakes; third horse to save stake.

J. T. McFARLAND,
Secretary Savannah Jockey Club,
146 South Broad Street,
SAVANNAH, GA.

8-13-54

JOSEPH BUTLER,
(ESTABLISHED 1871.)



CUN MAKER.

90 State Street, Chicago.

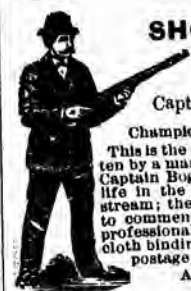
A general assortment of sporting goods; full line of fishing tackle; shells loaded to order; all brands of powder kept on hand. Guns rebored and choked to suit the owners. Breech-loading guns built to order. All kinds of repairing neatly done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

READ

FIELD, COVER AND TRAP

SHOOTING,



BY
Capt. A. H. BOGARDUS,

Champion Wing Shot of the World.

This is the only book of the kind ever written by a man who has hunted for market. Captain Bogardus has spent 15 years of his life in the field, and by the margin of the stream; the fact alone should be sufficient to commend his book to sportsmen, both professional and amateurs. Large, 12mo. cloth binding, 250 pages; Price, \$2. Mailed postage paid, on receipt of price, by A. H. BOGARDUS, Elkhart, Ill.

Match Against Time!

SKILL AND ENDURANCE.

GILMORE'S GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY, JAN. 3, 1878.
Captain A. H. Bogardus, Champion Wing Shot of the World, has made a match to break 5,000 Glass Balls in 500 consecutive minutes, loading his own gun. Balls to be sprung from his patent traps. Shooting to commence at 3 o'clock P. M. 8-5-17

25 NEW YEAR CARDS, with name, 20c. 25 Extra Mixed, 10c. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

RAILROAD.

Sportsmen's Paradise

The Wisconsin Central Railroad
THROUGH TO
LAKE SUPERIOR.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Chicago to Ashland and return for \$20 are sold at 63 Clark Street, or the C. M. & St. Paul, Madison Street Depot, Chicago; also at low rates from Milwaukee. Dogs, guns and camp equipment taken free.

The points of attraction to sportsmen on this "Forest and Stream" route are Menasha (Doty Island) for bass fishing; the many branches and lakes of the Flambeau and Chippewa which teem with bass, muscalonge, pike and pickerel; never till this season fished by sportsmen. Between Silver Creek and Ashland are trout streams, and many others can be easily reached along the shore from Ashland or Bayfield, while rock fishing and trolling in the Bay affords excellent sport.

Good deer shooting between Stevens' Point and Phillips—and grouse shooting south and north of Stevens' Point.

The new hotel at Ashland, the "Chequamegon," was opened Aug. 1st, and is kept in excellent style. Steamers from Ashland to all Lake Ports.

HENRY PRATT,
General Ticket Agent,
Milwaukee, Wis.

8-2-3m

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis, AND Chicago, Kansas City & Denver

SHORT LINES.

The best and quickest route from Chicago to
Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans,
AND ALL POINTS SOUTH, via ST. LOUIS.

The short line to Texas, via St. Louis.
No change of cars between Chicago and Joliet, Pontiac, Chenoa, Peoria, Bloomington, Springfield, Alton, St. Louis, Jacksonville, Moberly, Kansas City.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, the newest, safest and best in use on any Road, run through between Chicago and Springfield and Chicago and St. Louis, without change.

Meals in Dining Cars, 75 cents.

No change of reclining chair cars and Pullman palace sleeping cars between Chicago and Kansas City.

No extra charge for seats in reclining chair cars.

Over two hours the quickest route from Chicago to Kansas City, Denver, Pueblo, and all points West of the Mississippi River.

J. C. McMULLIN, General Supt.
JAMES CHARLTON, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad,

THE GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE TO
Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, the East and Northeast.

All trains run via Washington City.

Among the characteristics of this favorite route a

Double track, steel rails.

Magnificent iron bridges.

Gorgeous mountain scenery.

Unrivalled equipment.

Louderbridge air brakes.

Unsurpassed eating houses.

(Owned and operated by the Company) and in fact all the modern appliances that conduce to

Speed, Comfort and Safety.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

Run through without change between the principal Western and Eastern cities.

Illinois Central Railroad.

NO CHANGE OF CARS FROM

CHICAGO TO

St. Louis, Cairo, New Orleans, Peoria, Keokuk, Hannibal, Dubuque and Sioux City.

100 Miles the Shortest Route to

Memphis, Vicksburg, Mobile and New Orleans,

and the only route running Sleeping Cars from Chicago to New Orleans without change.

The Shortest route to Arkansas and Texas.

The only route running Through Trains to Galena, Dubuque, Waterloo, Ackley, Ft. Dodge and Sioux City.

The Shortest route to Yankton and the Black Hills Gold Fields.

A Direct route to Springfield, Decatur, Terre Haute and Evansville.

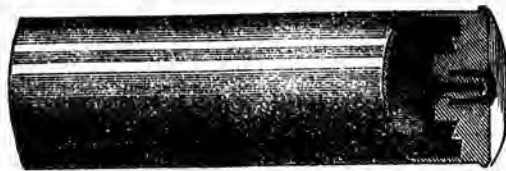
Drawing Room Sleeping Cars run from Chicago to St. Louis, Cairo, New Orleans, Peoria, Keokuk, Hannibal and Dubuque, and from Freeport to Sioux City.

To Sportsmen: This Line affords a wide range of country well stocked with game. Dogs carried free.

Ticket Office—121 Randolph St., Central Depot foot of Lake St., Depot foot of Twenty-second St.

W. P. JOHNSON, J. F. TUCKER,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't 8-11-17 Gen'l Sup't

SPORTSMEN'S MATERIALS.



Hart's Sportsman's Favorite Metallic Shells.

FOR BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS.

These shells are easily loaded, and the caps easily extracted from inside. Head solid and much thicker than any shell now made, giving a solid seat for cone or anvil, which prevents it from driving through or springing away, thereby causing mis-fires. The Cone is made of nickel, and fastened solid in its place. Neither rusts nor corrodes fast, like movable anvil made from steel. The Nickel Cone also prevents mis-fire when a cap has been left on shell for a few days, which is liable to occur either in steel or iron. These shells are finely finished, and made any length ordered, from 2 1/4 to 3 1/4 inches. Shells and Loaders and Descriptive Price-Lists can be obtained from all the leading Sportsmen's Houses throughout the country. GEORGE E. HART & CO., Newark, N. J.

FROM CAPTAIN BOGARDUS, CHAMPION WING-SHOT OF AMERICA.
Messrs. GEORGE E. HART & Co., Gentlemen: The fifty shells I received from you to-day suit me better than any I have ever used. They are stronger and better in every respect, and I shall use them in all my shooting hereafter. (7-19-17) Yours truly A. H. BOGARDUS.

Paper and Metallic Shells

Breech-Loading Shot Guns,

Manufactured by the
UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

THE STURTEVANT SHELLS are the easiest re-loaded. Do not have to unscrew the head nor use an awl to remove the exploded caps. THE PATENT MOVABLE ANVILS, made of steel wire, will not bend or break.

THE BERDAN PATENT SHELLS, new model, with Hobbs' patent water-proof primers, never miss fire, and are highly prized by all that have used them.

PAPER SHELLS.—By repeated experiments and great outlay for improved materials, and machinery made expressly for the purpose, we can now warrant our BROWN PAPER SHELLS equal to any imported. They are sure fire, and will not burst in the gun.

Inquire of any of the dealers in sporting materials for the U. M. C. Co.'s Shells. Not sold at retail by the Manufacturers. 6-13-8m

ST. LOUIS CONICAL BASE PAPER SHELL.



Having made important improvements in our Shell we can safely recommend them as equal, if not superior in quality to any Paper Shell manufactured in this country or in Europe.

Among the advantages claimed for these shells are A saving of 25 per cent in the use of powder; also, almost no recoil. The sizes made are No. 10's 2 1/4, 2 1/2 and 3 inches; No.

12—2 1/2, 2 3/4 and 3 inches. Longer shells will be made at extra cost. They are not mailable. Sample 100 sent by express on receipt of \$1.15 for No. 12; \$1.30 for No. 10.

ST. LOUIS PATENT SHELL MAN'G CO.,
Factory and Office, No. 2239 DeKalb Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Edwinson C. Green's, Cheltenham, Eng.

BREECH LOADERS.

SIMPLE, RELIABLE, &
BEST
VALUE FOR MONEY
IN THE
MARKET.



Winner at the New York Gun Trials, 1873. Made the highest aggregate score in the Principal Class at the London Field Gun Trials, 1875. Send for circular and descriptive price list of invoices just received to

RUSSELL & HAYDENS, Importers and Sole Agents,
Jacksonville, Illinois. 8-4-17

BALLARD RIFLE!

Recoil one half that of any other Rifle.

SAFER THAN ANY OTHER.

Perfect Shooting Guaranteed by Using the
EVERLASTING STRAIGHT SHELL.



ONE WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO
SCHOVERLING & DALY, 84 and 86 Chambers St., New York,
Or, J. A. SCHAFFER, 114 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

VANITY FAIR

FOR MEERSCHAUM AND CIGARETTES. Our Cigarettes are as fine as can be produced. Only the best French Cigarette paper used; free from mineral and other injurious substances. Rique and Vanity Fair. Samples, 15 cents. Highest Award, Vienna, 1873, and Centennial, 1876. Our Peerless and Plain Fine Cut Cigarettes are unsurpassed—the only brands receiving the Vienna Award. (7-4-17) Always Uniform and Reliable. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., PRINCE'S TOBACCO WORKS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

\$5 to \$20 per day, at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 100 page book, list of 3,000 Newspapers. How to advertise. Send \$c. to G. P. ROWELL & Co., N. Y.

SHOT TOWERS.

Chicago Shot Tower Co.



Manufacturers of
STANDARD SHOT.
THE BEST IN MARKET.

CAUTION—Be sure that all bags have the full name of our Company as no others are genuine.

Orders from Trade Solicited.

E. W. BLATCHFORD, Pres't.

C. F. GATES, Treas.

5-26-1y

PROF. JAMES A. GOING, M. R. C. V. S. E.,
Veterinary Surgeon.

Veterinary Editor of the Spirit of the Times, N. Y.

SICK OR INJURED ANIMALS, DOGS AND HORSES,
ESPECIALLY PRESCRIBED FOR.

Medicine Forwarded by Express. Charges Moderate.

PROF. J. A. GOING,
1674 Broadway, New York City.

Fur, Fin & Feather

CONTAINS THE

GAME LAWS of all the States and the Canadian Provinces and a List of Hunting and Fishing Grounds, Besides, a Vast Fund of VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR ALL WHO EITHER SHOOT OR FISH.

It tells you everything you want to know about Hunting and Fishing, Where to go, How to get there, What Kind of Game and Fish you will find, What Kind of Shooting and Fishing Tackle to Use, Ammunition, Bait, &c., and is indispensable to all who use either Gun or Rod; it is in fact, a complete HUNTING AND FISHING DIRECTORY, and no matter how much or how little recreation you take in the woods or along the streams, you will find *Fur, Fin, and Feather* worth many times its cost to you.

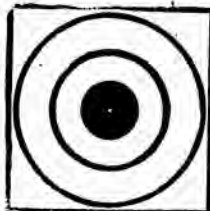
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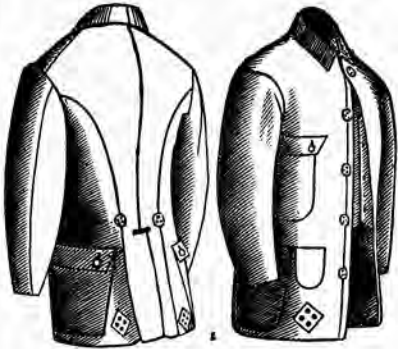
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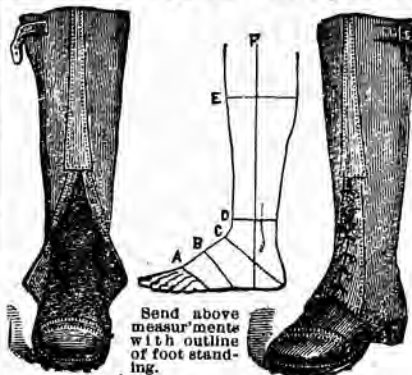
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